

Vol 10 *The War Illustrated* N° 246

SIXPENCE

NOVEMBER 22, 1946



ADMIRAL SIR WILLIAM HALSEY, PRESIDENT OF THE NAVY LEAGUE, placed a wreath on behalf of the League at the foot of Nelson's Column, in London's Trafalgar Square, on Oct. 21, 1946—the 141st anniversary of the Battle of Trafalgar. Representatives of the R.N. and Dominions and Colonies also paid tribute to the great little admiral. The League was founded in 1895 for the purpose of maintaining interest in the Royal Navy and keeping it strong and efficient.

Photo, P.A. Reuter

Edited by Sir John Hammerton

NO. 247 WILL BE PUBLISHED FRIDAY, DECEMBER 8

Prize of Cassino and Part of Victory's Price



RUINED HILL-TOP MONASTERY AND POLISH CEMETERY are awesome reminders of the bitter and prolonged struggle for Monte Cassino. The ceremony of dedication of the Cemetery (top), where in service ranks lie 1,000 Poles, took place in September 1945; the entrance is flanked by two finely sculptured Polish eagles. From the aerial photograph the Monastery (bottom) would appear to have been completely destroyed; but two chapels were left practically intact and much of the cloisters remained. See facing page.

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Photos, The Times, Air Ministry

Great Stories of the War Retold

Cassino: Ypres of the Second Great War

THE jagged, piled masonry of Cassino today poses one of the great mysteries of the war. Did the Germans occupy the massive Benedictine monastery which the Allies smashed with tons of bombs in the biggest, most concentrated air attack of the Italian campaign, in February 1944? It may seem shocking that such a question can be asked. Yet immediately after the attack the late Abbot Diamare, head of the fraternity, gave a broadcast denouncing the bombing and declaring that the Germans did not use the building. This statement, discounted at the time as German propaganda, has recently been confirmed by Don Martino, who was the Abbot's private secretary and who added that the Germans moved in after the place had been reduced to rubble. He describes it as "one of the mistakes of war."

I entered the ruins of the Monastery on May 18, 1944, the day on which it was captured by the Poles, and can affirm from personal observation that there were plentiful signs of German occupation—boxes of ammunition, grenades, Spandaus, empty tin cans, dirty blankets, and three wounded German N.C.O.s. But this is, apparently, agreed by the Abbot's secretary and throws no light on whether the 6th century Monastery had been used as a stronghold before our air bombardments. There can be no doubt that the Allied high commanders were convinced that it had been used, at least as an artillery observation post, before they authorized the bombardment of February 15.

Dominating Direct Road to Rome

Consider the situation. Cassino was cited in Italian military text-books as the ideal defensive position. It was the central bastion of the German's winter defence line—the Gustav Line. Highway Six, the direct road to Rome, is dominated for miles by 1,700-foot Monte Cassino (otherwise Monastery Hill) and the Monastery, rebuilt in the 19th century, with walls like a fortress, perched on the top. How strong the building was may be judged by the fact that even after thousands of bombs had been rained on it a substantial part of it still remained. I estimated that the shattered outer walls, which we reached finally by climbing a steep slope of dust and rubble on hands and knees,

By L. MARSLAND GANDER

who as War Correspondent of The Daily Telegraph saw the capture of Monastery Hill and the town of Cassino in May 1944.

were eight or ten feet thick. Piled up behind Monastery Hill were the still more forbidding slopes of 5,000-foot Monte Cairo.

It is interesting to recall that Cassino's military possibilities had been painfully impressed upon Hannibal in 217 B.C. After winning the battle of Lake Trasimene he had marched into Southern Italy hoping to rally the Samnites to his support, only to find himself approximately in the same position as the British in 1944, with the Romans



(instead of Germans) holding all the heights round him. Crucifying the guide who had misled him, he then diverted the Romans by tying lighted faggots to foxes' tails, thus making good his escape while the Romans investigated this phenomenon.

The Monastery, almost as solid as the rock on which it was built, seemed to grow out of the hill-side and to fit into its geographical features, just like the numerous grey stone buildings in Cassino itself. Whether the Germans entered it or not, they could always, to some extent, shelter behind it. Frankly, I do not know whether they did in fact occupy it before the bombardment; but there was always a strong likelihood that, sooner or later, they would. It is certain that they were using sangars in the vicinity of the Monastery

buildings. Sangars, which are shelters built of stone and timber on rocky hillsides where it is impossible to hack out trenches, were commonly used by both sides among the Italian mountains. It may be that the German sangars on Monastery Hill gave them adequate cover without taking over the Monastery itself. But the Germans had used monasteries before, so why not this one?

Cassino stands out in the annals of a war of swift movement as almost the only example of prolonged, swaying battle round a fixed point. It was the Ypres of this war, though the fighting, with long intervals between offensives, lasted only five months compared with the years of bitter and bloody struggle round Ypres in the First Great War. Three previous attempts had been made to lever the Germans out of Cassino and open the road to Rome before, in May, the Allies gave up the disastrous policy of using men in "penny packets" and assembled an overwhelming force of men, tanks and guns. Briefly summarized the previous attempts were as follows.

First, that of General Ryder's American 34th Division in January. They forded the Rapido River, penetrated into the town from the north, and pushed boldly up Monastery Hill. Then we discovered how strongly the Germans had fortified themselves among the ruins. On Feb. 4, after a foggy, wintry week of desperate fighting, the attack died down.

Second, that of the 4th Indian and 2nd New Zealand Divisions, after an air bombardment. On February 14, Allied aircraft flew over the Abbey dropping leaflets warning the civilian occupants to leave the building. Three hundred aircraft next day bombed, or attempted to bomb, the Abbey, but it was considered that only one bomb of ten scored a direct hit. My colleague, Christopher Buckley, states that the greatest tragedy of the whole operation was that the infantry were not ready to go into action. They did not do so until two days later, after a five hours' bombardment which seems to have had little effect on the Germans' deep stone and concrete positions among the rubble. A few Gurkhas actually rushed the Abbey ruins but could not hold them. Their corpses were lying on the hillside, as grim evidence of their gallantry, three months later when I climbed



CLEARING THE TOWN OF CASSINO OF SNIPERS is the job of this patrol (left). In the distance is Monastery Hill crowned by the famous Monastery. Seized by Polish Infantry on the same day that Cassino was captured by 8th Army troops, the road to Rome was opened to the Allies and the Gustav Line ceased to exist. On the right, British armor outside the town, with a slit trench under the barrel of a 17-pounder anti-tank gun. See also illus. page 727, Vol. 8.

Great Stories of the War Retold

those barren slopes of death. The New Zealanders, attacking across the waterlogged plain while the Indians stormed vainly up the mountains, fared little better. They gained some ground, bridged the chief tributary of the Rapido and captured Cassino station, only to lose it in a counter-attack next day.

Third, the attempt following a bigger and better air bombardment on March 15, this time by 500 aircraft, the entire bomber force of the Mediterranean air command, which dropped 1,400 tons of bombs. They were to have fallen on a single square mile of the town, reducing it and the hidden defenders to dust. In practice many of the bombs fell wide. One destroyed the caravan of General Leese, the 8th Army Commander, three miles away; fortunately, he was not in it. One formation discharged all its high explosive on the Corps headquarters town of Venafro. Another intensive artillery bombardment followed. Then for eight cruel days the New Zealanders fought among the rubble with the fanatical German parachutists, the majority of whom had remained, undaunted and unharmed, in their cellars and pillboxes throughout all the bombing and shelling. Piles of shattered masonry in the streets of Cassino, caused by our own efforts, proved an insuperable obstacle to our own tanks. We were, once again, checked. General Freyberg, in his dispatch giving an account of the operations of the New Zealand Corps at Cassino, wrote: "Our plan was to reduce the second phase to a minimum by the violence of the initial air blow, but blitz bombing proved a double-edged weapon and produced obstacles which made the speedy deployment of our armour impossible."

That was the situation in April 1944, when I arrived on the Cassino front. We held approximately three-quarters of the town, including the spur of Castle Hill. The Germans had the western fringe of the town, including the formidable strongpoints of the Colosseum, the Baron's Palace, the Continental Hotel and the ancient amphitheatre. All our positions were overlooked by theirs, and during daylight the whole area had to be smothered with a smoke-screen for the safety of our troops.

"Wrench Out the Aching Tooth"

Field-Marshal Alexander was, meanwhile, at Caserta headquarters, working out the details of the master plan which was (in his own words) to "wrench out the aching tooth." This time there was to be no mistake. The 8th Army had been secretly and swiftly transferred from the Adriatic sector so that on the vital Cassino sector the attackers could have the three-to-one superiority they needed. Finally, fourteen Allied divisions were massed against five German divisions. This, by the way, was a purely local superiority.

The plan was to squeeze out Cassino by an enveloping movement by two Corps, the Polish Corps on the right and the British XIII Corps on the left. Late on the night of May 12 eleven hundred guns of the 8th Army began to pound the German positions with a fiendish volume of metal and explosive greater than any previously used in war. After 40 minutes of this violent bombardment the 8th Indian Division and the 4th British began their perilous crossing of the Rapido, while the Poles, as the other arm of the "pincer," began to fight uphill towards the distant Monastery. The Indians flung the first Bailey bridge across the river, and the Gurkhas in a ferocious kukri charge cleared the key village of San Angelo on the other bank. The Poles, working painfully against the mountain grain, began to make slow but steady progress. Victory had been shaped in the first 24 hours.

On May 18, British tanks had intersected Highway Six beyond Cassino, thus cutting the Germans' main escape route. Guards mopping up in Cassino town could see through



ISSUED BY THE POLISH GOVERNMENT these stamps commemorate heroism at Cassino. Poles occupied the Monastery after the Germans, who were almost surrounded, had been forced to withdraw.

their field-glasses that the Polish flag was flying over the Monastery. The Germans, practically surrounded, had evacuated their monastic castle-fortress. It was an unforgettable day—exciting, momentous, tragic. For months we had been in the habit of jeeping down Highway Six to a point where the road swings left round a rugged hill and then runs dead straight for three miles into Cassino. It was death to proceed beyond that point in daylight, for the enemy had it under observation and fire. All of a sudden turned right to the smashed mountain village of Cervaro.

Looking down from the Cervaro heights on that deserted stretch of road one felt very

near to the Pearly Gates. Suddenly on that day of victory the traffic no longer turned right but went straight on into Cassino, now that the Monastery was neutralized. Alas, two of my war correspondent colleagues, eagerly following the stream, were accidentally killed by our own mines—Roderick Macdonald, of The News Chronicle, and Cyril Bewley, of Kemsley Newspapers. I automatically turned right and, reaching Polish Corps headquarters, began a crazy trip up to the Monastery. Fifteen or twenty correspondents—mostly American—had arrived with the same intention. We started off in six or eight jeeps, with Polish conducting officers, raising clouds of dust that must have been visible for miles.

Where Every Tree Was Blasted

Eventually we found ourselves climbing the barren hillside in single file, odd mortar bombs lobbing down here and there. Our guides disappeared. Each man blindly followed the man in front, not quite sure where he was going. Those behind me bawled to me not to go so fast; I shouted to those in front, but without any effect.

Everywhere were the corpses of Indians, Americans, Poles—the dreadful track of war. At one point we were mixed up with the mortar bomb barrage of a counter attack. Sometimes we were following white tapes indicating mine-free paths, sometimes we were blundering along regardless. It was a miracle that none of us was killed.

Running, creeping, cowering, falling flat on our faces from time to time, we finally made it, half-dead with fatigue. We staggered through a wood where every tree was blasted, and then clambered into the white jagged pile that had once been a noble monastery. The surprise was that so much of it remained. In places the crumbling walls were 30 or 40 feet high. Two chapels were practically intact. Much of the cloisters still remained. The crypt had survived, and anyone sheltering in it would have been unhurt.

The stench of burning timbers and rotting bodies is in my nostrils today. In my mind there is the ironic picture of a dove, carved out of stone, over one of the archways, with the Order's motto, "Pax," underneath it. The epitaph of Cassino itself was written by Allied Military Government: "No civil affairs officer will be appointed because there is nothing left to administer."



SUNLIGHT THROUGH THE HEAVY SMOKE-SCREEN over Cassino picks out a spur of Castle Hill. Under cover of this screen New Zealanders entered the town on March 15, 1944, and for eight days amidst the rains they fought with German parachutists who had been living in cellars and strong-points during the shelling and bombing. PAGE 484 Photo, Keystone

Royal Marines 'Beating the Retreat' in Nauplia



UNITS OF THE MEDITERRANEAN FLEET visited Nauplia towards the end of September 1946, and the colourful ceremony (a parade for special occasions) of Beating the Retreat was performed in the main square by a band of the Royal Marines. The Hill of Palamidi, surmounted by a Venetian fortress, dominates the town, capital of the department of Argolis in the Peloponnese. The Fleet had been engaged in exercises and after a stay of several days split up in order to call individually at ports in the Aegean Sea.

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Photo, G.P.O.

From Alamein to Reunion in London's Albert Hall



FIVE THOUSAND MEN who fought at El Alamein gathered at the Royal Albert Hall on Oct. 23, 1946, to celebrate the fourth anniversary of the opening of the battle. Addresses were delivered by Mr. Winston Churchill (1), who used the occasion to remind his audience and the B.B.C. listeners that "Up to Alamein we survived. After Alamein we conquered and never stopped conquering, until the final victory was achieved," and by Field-Marshal Montgomery (2). At the concert that followed old comrades (3) sang "Roll Out the Barrel" and "Bless 'Em All," and "Lili Marlene," the song introduced into the desert by the Germans and which the 8th Army adopted as its own—and the years rolled back to desert days of sizzling heat, dust storms and nights of bitter cold, recalled to his men (4) by Monty. Some of the nursing sisters who staffed the hospitals not far behind the lines were also present (5).

Photos, Keystone, Associated Press, G.P.U.

First U.S. Warship to Visit the Port of London



ANCHORED IN THE THAMES, off Greenwich, the U.S. anti-aircraft cruiser Spokane (1), said to have a speed of over 40 knots, was on a four days' goodwill visit in October 1946. Her commander, Captain L. Edson Crist (2), unlike many Americans, prefers tea to coffee, which is being served by a Filipino steward. Many members of the crew are quite young (3), and a number of them have relatives in Great Britain. Admiral R. L. Conolly, commander of the U.S. Naval Forces in Europe and the 12th Fleet, addressed the crew when he officially took over the 6,000-ton cruiser as his flagship (4). "The People of Britain," he reminded them, "were in the War two years before us. These people over here are worthy of your respect and consideration. Remember that when you go ashore." The jeep being unloaded (5) from the Spokane will help to solve the transport problem ashore.

Photos, G.P.U., Placid News

HIS MAJESTY'S SHIPS H.M.S. *Illustrious*

FIRST fleet aircraft carrier to be completed after the outbreak of war, H.M.S. *Illustrious*, of 23,000 tons, was launched at Barrow in 1939. Her outstanding achievement, as flagship of Rear-Admiral (now Admiral Sir Lumley) Lyster, was at Taranto on the night of November 11, 1940, when her Swordfish aircraft struck a crippling blow at the Italian fleet as it lay in harbour. The battleship *Conte di Cavour* sustained injuries from which she never recovered, and two other battleships were put out of action for some months.

While helping to escort a convoy to Malta in January 1941, the *Illustrious* became the target for six air attacks, in one of which 40 German dive-bombers secured a number of hits. On fire fore and aft and with her steering gear out of control, the carrier fought her way through to Malta, where temporary repairs were effected in spite of further air attacks. Ultimately she reached Alexandria and thence proceeded to the U.S.A. for refit.

Present during the occupation of Diego Suarez, Madagascar in 1942, and at the Salerno landings in 1943, the *Illustrious* went East again in 1944. She took part in a surprise raid on enemy airfields in Northern Sumatra in April of that year, and a month later was concerned in a similar raid on the naval base at Surabaya, Java. In June targets for her aircraft were at Port Blair, in the Andaman Islands, followed by a successful attack on the port of Sabang, Sumatra, on July 15. In the early months of 1945 she was one of the carriers whose aircraft wrecked oil refineries in Southern Sumatra; and in the attack on the Saki group of the Ryukyu Islands, south-west of Japan, she wore the flag of Vice-Admiral Sir Philip Vian. On this occasion she was narrowly missed by Japanese suicide aircraft.

Photo, Charles E. Brown



The Long-Drawn Battle of the Atlantic

GERMANY surrendered on May 7, 1945. . . Nearly 18 months later, there has appeared an official account of the ceaseless struggle to defeat the U-boat campaign against seaborne commerce. Published by H.M. Stationery Office at the modest price of one shilling, it is described in the opening chapter as, "The abbreviated story of a few of the more important highlights in the several phases of a ruthless and protracted campaign which, but for the grace of God, might well have brought about not merely the defeat of Britain and the disruption of the British Empire but the eventual Axis domination of the world."

It will be generally agreed that the author, understood to be Captain Taprell Dorling, D.S.O., R.N., has done admirable work in this chronicle, titled *The Battle of the Atlantic*, more especially in view of the limited space afforded. The narrative is divided into eight phases, covering the respective periods, September 1939-June 1940; June 1940-March 1941; March to December 1941; January-July 1942; August 1942-May 1943; June-August 1943; September 1943-April 1944; and May 1944-May 1945.

"UNTIL the very end the German U-boat arm fought with discipline and efficiency. . . . Had the U-boat war continued for any appreciable period, it would have imposed an increased and severe strain upon Allied resources. . . . New and improved types were coming into operation."

During the first phase the enemy attack was held until, by the middle of March 1940, "the offensive had died away." This was due mainly to the prompt institution of the convoy system and the efficiency of the Asdic method of locating submarines under water. With the fall of France and the entry of Italy into the war the situation changed radically for the worse. "Air and U-boat bases were available to the enemy in Norway and the Biscayan ports of France. The capture of Asdic material supplied to the French may have helped the enemy to work out tactics to frustrate it. . . . Losses in escort craft during the evacuation of the British Army from France had been serious, and these forces had to be built up anew."

Worst Period for Shipping Losses

In the meantime the Germans reaped a heavy harvest, 152 merchant ships of 747,000 tons being sent to the bottom by submarine attack alone during June, July and August 1940. Moreover, the enemy had developed a new technique: using their U-boats as submersible surface torpedo boats at night, thus defeating the Asdic. In September, 59 ships of 295,000 tons were sunk; and in October, 63 of 352,000 tons. Partly owing to winter weather, things quieted down in the four ensuing months. In January 1941 one notable event was chronicled—the first unaided success of a Coastal Command aircraft. This was a Sunderland which caught the Italian submarine *Marcello* on the surface and destroyed her by depth charges.

In March 1941 the enemy's spring offensive opened. Most fortunately, British counter-measures, built up slowly and painfully as the result of the winter's experience, proved effective to the extent of sinking seven U-boats—the highest figure for any month since the war began. Among them were those commanded by the three most able German submarine captains—Prien, Schepke and Kretschmer. The two former were killed and the latter made prisoner.

Attempts to supplement the U-boat attack by surface raiding were scotched when the *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau* were driven into Brest; and the destruction of the *Bismarck* in May was a severe blow to the enemy. Yet

OFFICIAL account of the fight against the U-boats in the Atlantic by the British and Allied navies, air forces and merchant navies, 1939-45, is here reviewed by

FRANCIS E. McMURTRIE

the total British, Allied and neutral loss through all causes in the three months to the end of May totalled 412 ships of 1,691,499 tons, worse than any corresponding period of the war up to then. In June the first escort carrier, H.M.S. *Audacity*, was at sea. Losses were slightly less, while six enemy submarines were destroyed. In July and August there was further improvement; and the first instance of a German submarine surrendering was recorded. This was U-570, afterwards H.M.S. *Graph* (see illus. page 497, Vol. 8). A new type of net defence was fitted to a few ships about this time. By the end of the war 700 vessels had these nets.

Exceptionally bad weather was encountered in the Atlantic for the last three months of 1941, and losses fell accordingly. But December witnessed the entry of Japan into the war, bringing fresh encouragement to our enemies and placing a further strain upon our

Several grain ships and tankers were fitted with flight decks to carry aircraft for their defence; these became known as "Mac" ships (see illus. page 540, Vol. 9). Still more valuable were the escort carriers, of which by the end of 1942 the Royal Navy had six in commission. These were ultimately able to bridge the mid-ocean gap between the extreme ranges of land-based aircraft on either side of the Atlantic.

In spite of the successful landings in North Africa, November 1942 was the worst month of the war for mercantile losses, which totalled 134 ships of 800,000 tons. December and January were better; and though the improvement was not maintained in February, 20 U-boats were sunk. In March the submarine effort reached its peak, with 112 U-boats at sea; losses totalled 108 ships of 627,000 tons, against which U-boats disposed of numbered 15.

During April and May 1943 the offensive at sea passed to the Allies and was never again relinquished. For the first time some of the U-boat captains showed signs of losing heart. In addition to much stronger escorts they had to contend with independent support groups, which hunted the U-boats



KITE BALLOONS PROTECTING COASTAL CONVOYS against German dive-bombing and most-high attacks were operated by a special section of the Royal Navy. Ocean-going shipping encountered more complex problems; and in this article the submarine aspect of the Battle of the Atlantic, which began in Sept. 1939, is dealt with. Photo, Central Press

resources until the United States could bring its weight to bear. Still, the satisfactory number of nine U-boats were accounted for in that month, affording further evidence that counter-measures were gaining ground.

The period from mid-January to the end of July 1942 was the worst of the whole war as regards shipping losses, which totalled 495 vessels of over 2,500,000 tons, including 142 tankers. Enemy submarine losses numbered 42. Most of the sinkings were on the far side of the Atlantic, off the coast of the United States and in the Caribbean. The U.S. Navy was short of surface vessels and aircraft to patrol this vital area, though the Royal Navy sent 10 corvettes and 24 trawlers to assist. Not until May was a convoy system brought into force. Another anti-submarine weapon was brought into use during these months. This was the Hedgehog, a mortar which fired a salvo of 24 depth charges, each containing 32 lb. of explosive, ahead of a ship. Three years later it was to some extent superseded by the Squid, a three-barrelled mortar which fires a pattern of large charges ahead of a ship with great accuracy.

By August 1942 new U-boats were coming from the builders faster than they could be destroyed. Attacks were now being made chiefly by "wolf packs" against the North Atlantic convoys, as the American seaboard had ceased to be the "U-boat paradise" which the Germans had at first found it.

wherever they could be found. Most celebrated of these was the Second Escort Group under the late Captain F. J. Walker, which destroyed more U-boats than any other (see portrait in page 223, Vol. 8). Improved co-operation between ship and aircraft was one of the secrets of success against the U-boats.

THOUGH the Germans gained temporary successes by the use of fresh devices, such as the acoustic torpedo (homed on to its target by the noise of the propeller), or the "Schnorkel" breathing tube (see illus. page 681, Vol. 8), our own scientists contrived always to keep a move or two ahead of the enemy's. Fortunately we never had to face a full attack from the new submarines which were being assembled when the war ended. Able to travel under water at a speed of 25 knots, these would have been very difficult to defeat.

April 1944 saw the loss of only nine Allied merchantmen from submarine attack, the lowest figure for four years. This was particularly encouraging on the eve of the Normandy landings. During that operation the attempts of the U-boats to interfere met with disaster, notwithstanding the employment of the Schnorkel device by the enemy. In the first six months of 1944 the Germans lost 122 U-boats. By the end of the war Norwegian waters were practically the only area in which they could find any refuge from attacks. The final U-boat sinking of the war was achieved on May 7, 1945, by a Catalina of 210 Squadron in Danish waters.

Notable Travellers Seen by Our Roving Camera



AUSTRIAN CHILDREN from former concentration camps of Europe recently arrived in England (left) where new homes will be found for them. Most have lost their parents and are in the care of the Christian Executive Committee. Physically, they have recovered amazingly quickly from years of neglect and malnutrition.



FROM FRANCE children of former Resistance workers come to enjoy a holiday at Wren's Warren Camp, near Hartfield, Sussex, where they were visited by Mrs. Attlee, and M. Massigli, the French Ambassador (right). It was arranged that after the month's holiday the children would stay in British homes for a further eight weeks. The visit was organized by the Reception Committee for Young People of Occupied Countries, who have also brought parties of Dutch and Czech children to England.



MAJOR-GENERAL G. H. A. MACMILLAN will succeed Lieut.-General Sir Evelyn Barker as C-in-C. of the British Forces in Palestine on Feb. 1, 1947. He has been Director of Weapons and Development at the War Office since May 1945.



GIFT FROM SOUTH AFRICA TO BRITAIN, a gold certificate worth £285,000, was handed to Mr. Clement Attlee at No. 10 Downing Street by Field-Marshal Smuts (left foreground) on Oct. 18, 1946, to be used for the benefit of the British. In addition there was a bank draft for £176,625 from Durban and the province of Natal.



GIRLS FROM THE BALTIC STATES arrived in England in October 1946 to take up domestic work in sanatoria—the first displaced persons to be permitted to leave their camps in the British zone of Germany to start a new life in Britain. Photos, Topical, Fland News. P. A.—Reuter, I.N.P.



SIDKY FASHA AND MR. BEVIN had discussions in London in October 1946 on the revision of the Anglo-Egyptian Treaty of 1936. The Egyptian Premier (left) hoped to return with fresh proposals regarding the Sudan.

The Duke of Wellington's Regiment

THE 1st Battalion was one of the first to land in France in 1939, followed by the 2/6th and 2/7th in the early spring of 1940. The 1st Battalion fought an heroic battle as part of the rearguard at Dunkirk, and suffered about 250 casualties during the evacuation. The 2/6th and 2/7th had been in action south of the Somme at that time, continued to fight valiantly with the French, suffered heavy casualties, and were eventually evacuated from St. Valéry or farther south.

The heroism of the 2nd Battalion during the First Burma Campaign, 1942, has seldom been equalled. Without respite or relief or adequate sleep, and sometimes without food for as long as six days at a time, they were part of a force which, for over two months, held a Japanese force three times their size and regularly reinforced with fresh troops. Over and over again in the course of the fighting, often hand-to-hand, it seemed that the limit of human endurance had been reached, but they fought on, and the gallantry with which Rangoon was defended could not have been surpassed. When the inevitable withdrawal started the Dukes fought tooth and nail to keep open their lines of communication, and when the Sittang river was reached they constantly counter-attacked to maintain a bridge-head on the far side, to enable the whole force to get away. Their gallantry was unavailing, and on the morning of February 23, 1942, the bridge had to be blown up, with most of the Dukes on the wrong side of it, and then began, as one man described it, "a party which made even Dunkirk look like a picnic." The river was some 800 yards wide and very swift, and the men had to swim across, bombed, shelled, and machine-gunned from the air, under the blaze of a Burma sun. Those who could not swim improvised rafts and kicked their way across. Doors and rafts were launched, the wounded were gently lowered upon them and the men, acting as outboard motors, ferried them across the river; all this under a terrific hail of Japanese fire.

Mopping-Up in a Grove of Olives

The 1st Battalion, 1/4th Battalion (now the 58th Anti-Tank Regiment), and the 8th Battalion (now the 145th Regiment, R.A.C.), all fought magnificently throughout the North Africa campaign, 1943, with the 1st Army. The 1st Battalion was in the thick of it; amongst their notable engagements were those of Banana Ridge, Point 174 and Bou Aoukaz. The 145th Regt., R.A.C. (8th Battalion, Duke of Wellington's Regiment) landed in Africa on April 19, 1943, to join the 1st Army. During the remainder of the North Africa campaign they were constantly in action and won great honour in supporting the infantry; the Regiment did not go into action as a complete unit but Squadrons were detailed individually, and occasionally a Squadron found itself supporting its own 1st Battalion. It is impossible to give here details of all the actions in which the Regiment was engaged; the following, which is typical of them, occurred when C Squadron was supporting the attack on Banana Ridge on April 23, an action in which the 1st Battalion Duke of Wellington's Regiment were also heavily engaged.

The object of the attack was the capture of dominating high ground east of Grich-el-Oued and the exploitation and mopping-up of the village and olive grove to the north. At 10 a.m. the infantry advanced across very

By Major S. E. BAKER, T.D.

THE Regiment was formed in 1881 by the linking of the 33rd and 76th Foot, with both of which the first Duke of Wellington had been intimately connected. The 33rd Foot, now the 1st Battalion, was raised in 1782, and in 1853 adopted the crest and motto of the late Duke of Wellington, the crest now being worn as a cap badge. The 76th Foot, now the 2nd Battalion, was raised in 1787, and for distinguished service in India was granted the badge of elephant with howdah and mahout, now worn as a collar badge. Immediately prior to the Second Great War second-line units of the four Territorial Battalions were formed; and after Dunkirk the 8th, 9th and 10th (raised during the 1914-18 war) were revived. During the late war some of the Battalions were converted into R.A.C., A.A. Units, Searchlights and Anti-Tank Regiments, but continued to wear the "Duke's" badges and red Regimental lanyard.

open ground, and the Squadron leader employed smoke to blind the enemy observation posts. The wire was gaped through the enemy positions and the tanks passed through while the infantry were ferreting out the trenches and dug-outs. The second-in-command gave very valuable assistance from the left flank throughout, shooting up an anti-tank gun and two machine-gun nests in the objective area. Some crews then dismounted and cleared enemy trenches on the left, while two tanks moved to position on the left to engage enemy groups who were trying to escape westward.

No. 12 Troop on the right flank destroyed a 50-mm. anti-tank gun on the edge of the village and then supported an infantry platoon in mopping-up, covered by No. 13 Troop, who destroyed a machine-gun position and two mortar observation posts. The village was intensely mined and booby-trapped. Mopping-up in the olive grove was carried out by 12 and 13 Troops, with two or three infantry on each tank to mop up "the bushes." Considering the great severity of the action and the object attained the casual-

ties sustained were very light in what was the opening of the final assault on Tunis.

The 58th Anti-Tank Regt. R.A. (4th Battalion Duke of Wellington's Regt.) arrived in North Africa in the early days of 1943 and, like the 145th Regt. R.A.C., were in action throughout the campaign in their role of infantry support. Like the 145th they, too, were not normally used as a regiment but the individual batteries usually worked as a unit.

The 58th landed at Salerno on D-Day plus 5 and, except for one short break, were in action till the end of the European War and endured the misery of the Gothic Line during the winter of 1944-5 without losing an iota of its morale or offensive spirit.

THE 145th Regt. R.A.C. (8th Battalion Duke of Wellington's Regt.) arrived at Naples during the early days of April 1944 to take part in the Italian campaign and were, from that time, constantly in action till nearly the end of the war. Their role was similar to that in North Africa, though here they were often employed as a complete regiment. The crossing of the River Savio was due to commence on the night of October 21-22, 1944, with the Regiment in support of the Canadian Infantry Brigade. Infantry companies crossed, but were forced back for want of armour, and no bridge-head could be established to allow the bridging of the river for the tanks to get across. On the 24th information came through that the Germans had had enough and were pulling out. B Squadron were ordered to stand by, and after some delay crossed the river, about noon. Then the Squadron supported the infantry and, as each bound of the advance was reached, the tanks helped in the consolidation of it; hard slogging under bad conditions, with the object of keeping the Germans continually on the run and giving them as little time as possible to prepare their next defence position.

Anzio produce probably "the finest hour" of the 1st Battalion. Having indulged



MEN OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S REGIMENT support a light tank as it goes forward to reconnoitre a crossing at Clery, north-west of Peronne, France, in March 1940. The white tapes in this hitherto unpublished photograph outline a defence post that will be dug when the reconnaissance has been made.

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War Office photograph



QUAINT SETTING FOR A CONCERT—but these members of the Duke of Wellington's Regiment, though on active service, have nothing more serious to contend with for the time being than exercises, many of which were undertaken in France in 1939-40. Even exercises have their spells of inactivity, best filled in with music and song. *War Office photograph*

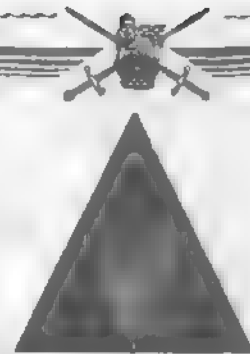
in the bloodless occupation of Pantelleria, the 1st landed at Anzio with the leading troops and, after the brief lull following the landing, fought tooth and nail to retain the precarious occupation of the beach-head. When the perimeter of the beach-head was so small that landing craft were constantly under fire, the Dukes pushed out a "carbuncle" in the direction of Campoleone Station to a depth of three miles. The Germans attacked with great ferocity and nipped off the bulge and the Dukes had then to fight their bloody way back. This they did, but losses were heavy—approximately 300 casualties in this particular operation alone. During the operations at Anzio, Lieut.-Colonel B. W. Webb-Carter, the Commanding Officer of the Battalion, was awarded a bar to the D.S.O. he won during the campaign in North Africa.

For its work at Anzio the Battalion was given the honour of leading the victory march into Rome in June 1944, when General Mark Clark, 5th Army Commander, took the salute. Later, in the Gothic Line, the Battalion was engaged in bitter fighting, and it was during this time that Private R. H. Burton won the first Regimental V.C. of the War (portrait in page 664, Vol. 8).

The 6th and 7th Battalions, which after a period of service in Iceland had been undergoing strenuous training in various parts of this country, landed together in France shortly after D-Day. Both were heavily engaged during the early days, when the British and Canadian forces held the German attack round Caen while the Americans broke through on the right. The 6th Battalion, about 10 days after they landed, were called



WAITING TO SAIL FOR NORWAY in April 1940, a sergeant of the Duke's holds an inspection of anti-gas equipment. The troops are on board the Polish liner *Sokolski*, which was used as a troopship for some months during the early stages of the war and is here seen lying off Gourock, at the mouth of the Clyde. *War Office photograph*



Colours: Red triangle surrounded by three black ones

3RD (BRITISH) DIVISION

NAMED the "Ironsides," in 1940, by Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery of Alamein when in command of the Division, the 3rd, a Regular Army formation, is proud of three distinctions. It was the last (and only) unit to come out of France at Dunkirk as a division; it was the first back, being the British 2nd Army's assault division on D-Day, June 6, 1944; and it is the only British infantry division which fought throughout from D-Day to V-E Day, May 8, 1945.

After taking the fiercely held Calvados beach in Normandy on D-Day, the 3rd linked up with the British Airborne troops at Benouville, and Rielville was reached on the same day. In the Château de Londe area they fought the battle of the "bloodiest square mile," and were subjected to heavy shelling until the middle of July 1944. This vital role in the battle for Caen resulted in the town falling to the Division on July 12. Fighting in the Bocage country, the Division's first V.C. was gained by Cpl. S. Bates (portrait in page 599, Vol. 8), at Sourdville, on August 1.

RAPIDLY advancing through France and Belgium, in September Holland was entered and the towns of Weert and Helmond taken. At Graves an assault crossing of the Maas was successfully undertaken and U.S. Airborne troops relieved. In October the battles for Venray and Overloon were among the fiercest experienced by the Division. From November, the 3rd "watched" the Maas until February 1945, when, in Germany, engagements were fought at Hevenheim, Winnekendonk and Kervenheim.

At the last-named the Division's second V.C. was gained by Pte. J. Stokes (portrait in page 216, Vol. 9). Crossing the Rhine after the major Allied assault on March 24 the 3rd advanced to Nordhorn, and to the Dortmund-Ems Canal at Lingen. Switched to a new sector, the Division cleared Wildeshausen, Brinkum, Stuhr and Arsten before entering Bremen, May 5, 1945.

upon to bear the brunt of a furious German counter-attack in which they suffered severely. The Dukes were ordered to attack the Parc de Boislande, a big wooded area with a château in the centre. No air support was possible, owing to the weather, and the Germans offered very stiff resistance, especially by mortar and machine-gun fire. The attack was pressed home with great determination and the objective was taken in four hours. But the cost had been very heavy, including a large number of officers and senior N.C.O.s.

No immediate counter-attack was launched, but on the following morning, after a heavy barrage of mortar and medium gun fire, during which the 6th suffered more casualties, the German infantry came forward in overwhelming strength, supported by tanks.

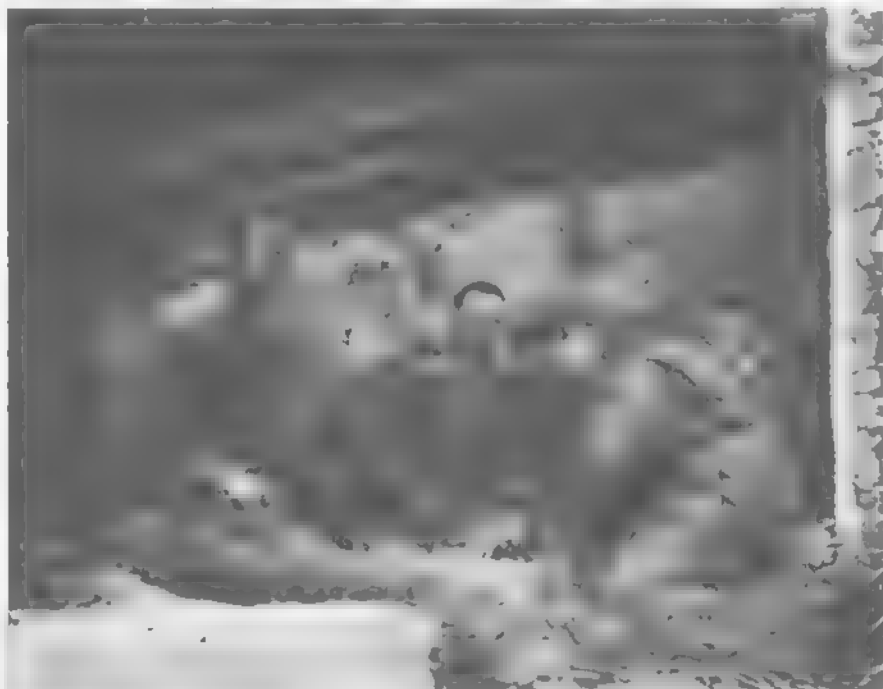
The 'Dukes' Lead the Victory March Into Rome



FOR ITS WORK AT ANZIO the 1st Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regiment was given the honour of leading the Victory March into Rome in June 1944. General Mark Clark, U.S. 5th Army Commander, taking the salute (top). At Rosta (below), in the Apennines, men of the Regiment began the long struggle to pierce the mountain range and gain the plain of Lombardy; the village was demolished by the Germans before they withdrew, leaving snipers and booby traps to impede the advance.

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War Office photographs



NIGHT PATROL RETURNED FROM DUNKIRK reports to an officer: the 5th Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regiment was present at the investment of the town, where more than 10,000 Germans offered stubborn resistance. Allied activity was confined to night patrols and harassing fire, and the garrison held out from Sept. 1944 until May 11, 1945. War Office photograph

Gradually the Dukes, fighting every yard, were forced back. Many examples of collective and individual heroism are on record during this retirement, which helped to break the impetus of the German attack. The Battalion was nearly decimated, and, shortly after, was evacuated to this country to refit.

THE 7th Battalion was engaged throughout the campaign in north-west Europe and no adequate record of its achievements can be given here. Typical of the Battalion's work is the operation which saved the Nijmegen bridge-head on December 4, 1944. The 7th were holding the right flank of the bridge-head in close contact with the Boche. There was deep flooding of the fields in the area and movement was impossible during the daytime owing to the vigilance of the enemy.

Patrolling on the night of December 3-4 found the Hun active and full of fight; at about three in the morning heavy Spandau firing and mortaring was directed against the forward platoons of D and B Companies. The Commander of 18 Platoon, D Company, reported by phone that two of his sections had been overwhelmed by at least a platoon of Germans but that he, at the moment, had been by-passed.

A few minutes later he said that more than a company had gone through and more were following. Considerable casualties had been caused to the enemy by Platoon Headquarters and the section still in action. A minute later, communication with the platoon ceased; it had been overrun by sheer weight of numbers on a narrow front. The situation

at Battalion Headquarters was now becoming very sticky; the Germans had occupied some school buildings about 200 yards away and were endeavouring to push on.

The Boche swept down the road past 18 Platoon of D Company and came in contact with the reserve platoon of C Company, which opened fire, and the Boche toppled like ninepins. The Platoon Commander held the enemy all night, firing till his ammunition was exhausted.

The Battalion Commander realized that the gap in the bridge-head, in the vicinity of No. 18 Platoon, must be closed, and he ordered Major G. V. Fancourt, Officer Commanding C Company, to use one platoon and his section of carriers to regain the 18 Platoon position. This was speedily carried out by 15 Platoon under the command of Lieutenant D. R. Siddall and the position restored after sharp fighting. The Germans were still occupying much of the village, but at daybreak they started to withdraw. They had converted some houses into strong-points and were putting up fierce resistance, and in the attack on one house, defended by several Spandaus, a number of men had been killed.

Surrounded and Without Ammunition

After P.I.A.T.s had failed to penetrate the solid concrete of this house plans for bringing up an anti-tank gun and the wasp flame-throwing section were made, but their help was not required. A report arrived that the main force of the Boche had surrendered, and 60 prisoners under escort were seen marching through the village. The enemy in the house defended by Spandaus saw that the game was up and showed the white flag. When the ground, originally occupied by Lieutenant Evans of 18 Platoon, was regained it was found that he had succeeded in denying his Platoon Headquarters to the enemy, though he had been completely surrounded and had used up all his ammunition. At 11 o'clock Brigade was informed that the situation was back to normal; the Nijmegen bridge was saved.

In the course of the operations the following decorations were won by the Battalion. Both Commanding Officers, Lieut.-Col. (now Brigadier) J. H. O. Wilsey and Lieut.-Col. C. D. Hamilton, were awarded the D.S.O. Fourteen officers gained the M.C., two Other Ranks won the D.C.M., one an M.M. and Bar, and 12 the M.M. Fifteen officers and men were mentioned in dispatches, and three won the French Croix-de-Guerre.

THE 5th Battalion Duke of Wellington's Regiment was converted into Searchlights, under a storm of protest, prior to the war. After being attached to the Royal Engineers they subsequently became the 143rd Regiment R.A., and finally the 500th Regiment R.A., but they have always considered themselves Dukes and they wear the regimental badges. They hope that they will be allowed to resume their role as an Infantry Battalion of the Dukes. The Regiment was on service in this country till the early part of 1945. Their role was not spectacular, but very essential, and many of the sites occupied by the section were in exposed places where amenities were extremely few. But the Regimental spirit prevailed, and later they went to B.L.A. as part of the Dunkirk Force which had the mopping-up of the Channel ports. The unit is now doing garrison duty in Germany and calls itself the 5th Battalion Duke of Wellington's Regiment.

The 9th Battalion were converted to the 146th Regiment R.A.C. (D.W.R.) in 1941, left for India in 1942, and saw service in Burma in 1944-45. The Regiment did not go into action as a whole, though various detachments saw service, generally in support of the 26th Indian Division.



RIDING INTO BATTLE ON TANKS. Yorkshiremen captured the town of Ede, west of Arnhem, on April 17, 1945. Units of the 49th (West Riding) Division, including the Dukes, carried out the attack, supported by tanks of the 5th Canadian Armoured Division. The 1st Canadian Army comprised several British formations. War Office photograph

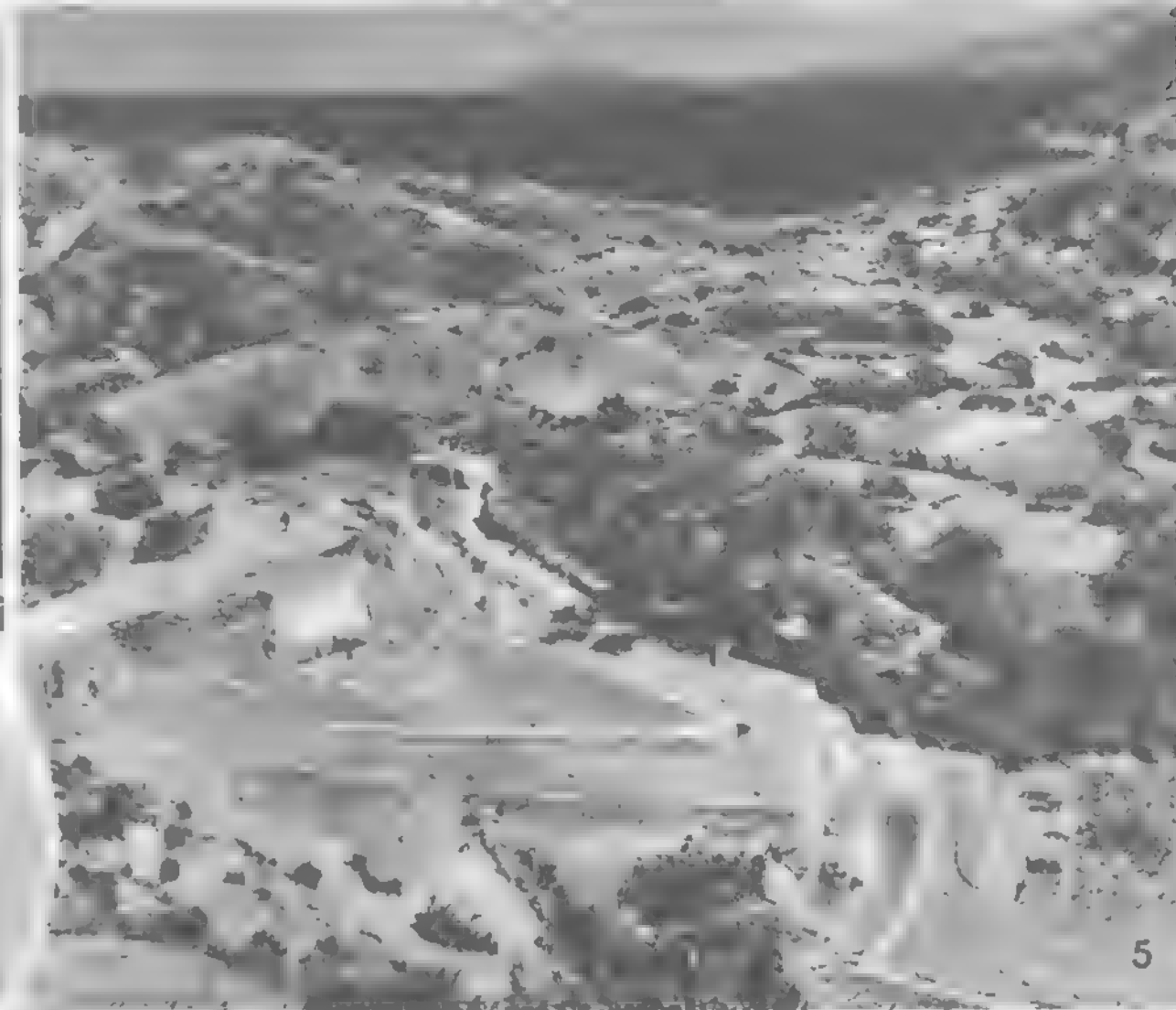
*'The Isles of Greece, the Isles of Greece!' ... I dreamed that Greece
Might still be free'—Byron*



THE Byronic dream of freedom for Greece (for which the poet gave his life at Missolonghi in 1824) became an actuality in 1829 when the country was declared an independent monarchy (see illus. page 1), though the Dodecanese (from the Greek for "twelve islands") remained under Turkish rule. This group of islands in the Aegean Sea, clustered along the coast of Asia Minor, comprises Symi, Patmos, Leros, Cos, Niceros, Carpathos, Casos, Chalki, Tilos, Astropalia, Lipso and Calymno; Rhodes is usually included, making 13. For six centuries their control had been disputed, many Powers casting envious eyes thereon, the people meanwhile remaining essentially Greek in language, mentality and traditions.

IN 1911 Italy occupied the Dodecanese, and these—of great strategic value—should have come into Allied hands during the Second Great War, after the Italian armistice with the Allies on September 8, 1943. But the Italian garrison on Rhodes, the seat of Italian administration, surrendered to the Germans after the latter, incensed by the defection of their ally, had launched a dive-bombing attack. Small Allied forces were at once landed on Cos, Leros and Samos but were overwhelmed by German landings. Italian

garrisons of Patmos, Niceros and Lipso were likewise forced to capitulate. The islands continued to be bombed by Allied air forces and raided by Commandos until the surrender of German forces in the Aegean, which took place in May 1945 on Symi, where (1) a view of the harbour is seen. After the announcement on June 27, 1946, that the Conference of Foreign Ministers in Paris had unanimously decided that the Dodecanese should be ceded by Italy to Greece an aircraft from Athens dropped Greek flags on all the islands: Patmos flew hers from the top of the monastery belfry (2). In meditative mood sits a woman of Leros in richly embroidered national costume (3).

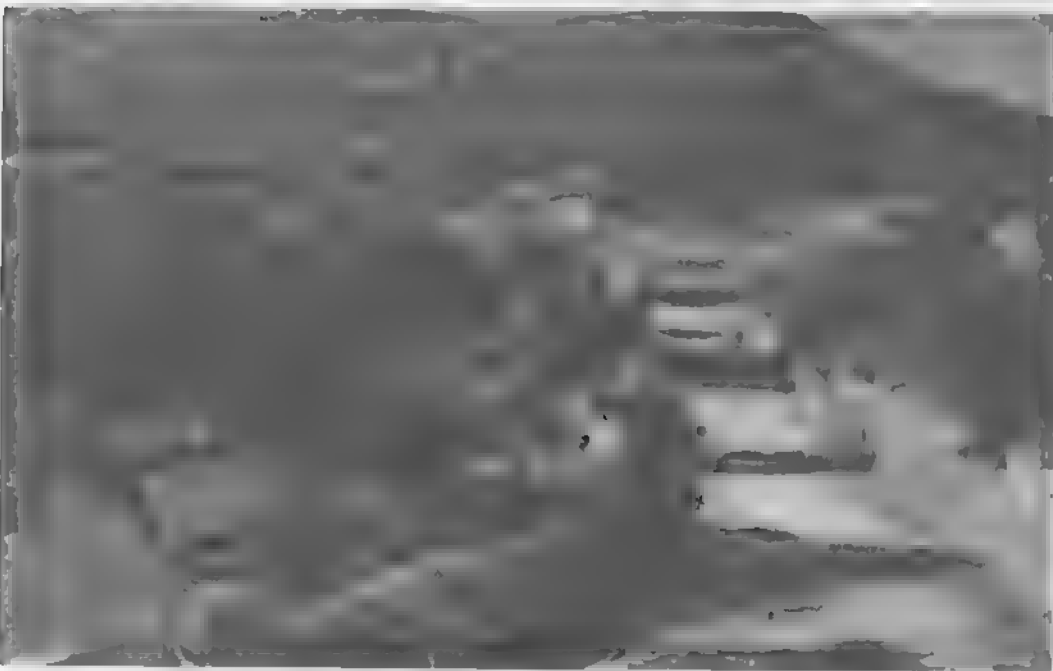


Scenes in the Long-Lost Islands of Greece—

Glorious pages are enshrined in the long history of Rhodes, centre of culture in ancient times, and it made news headlines in the Second Great War. It had its share of bombing and shelling: inhabitants are clearing away the debris (1). In this street (2) is still preserved the atmosphere of a medieval city. Used by the Germans during the War, the large Italian-built aerodrome (3) was bombed consistently by the Allies. This hill-top shrine (4) shared in the damage.

— That Have Now Been Restored to the Motherland

Through many ground-strafting raids by the Germans on Cos, in September 1943, the guns of the R.A.F. Regiment were the island's only defence against air attack (see page 310, Vol. 8). A view from Kephalos (5), on the south-west coast, where a new spring has been brought into operation by U.N.R.R.A. Pottery making (6) is one of the crafts of Cos. Though one of the most agriculturally developed of the Dodecanese, threshing (7) is still carried out with oxen.



Time and Mood for Joyous Living

The national dance (1) of the Dodecanese is performed lightheartedly once more in Emborio, village of Niceros. The lyre and guitar (2) are heard throughout Carpathos, where in the mountain village of Othoz (3) women toe the steps of a traditional dance, and overlooking the quiet bay (4) the Greek flag serenely flutters.

Exclusive to THE WAR ILLUSTRATED

Goering: Architect of Aggression

GOERING has died as he had lived, dramatically. His suicide in the condemned cell at Nuremberg—virtually on the threshold of the execution shed, under the eyes of his guard and, indeed, of the world—might have been devised by a master of melodrama. It was the final unexpected twist to a story of which the ending had seemed wholly inevitable and predictable, the last turn of the screw.

So he joined Hitler and Himmler, Goebbels and Ley in the company of those Nazi leaders who cheated judicial punishment. It was an ending pre-eminently in keeping with his leadership of the accused in the dock, with his last defiant oration in which he sought to perpetuate the hollow myths of his master. It was, in fact, an epitome of his stormy, adventurous career.

Founder of the Gestapo, creator and supreme commander of the Luftwaffe, successor-designate to the Fuehrer, he had been condemned by the Nuremberg Tribunal for guilt "unique in its enormity." Second only to Hitler, he was the motive-power of Nazi politics and German aggression.

HERMANN Wilhelm Goering was born on January 12, 1893, at Rosenheim, Bavaria. He was the son of a judge who had been appointed by Bismarck as the first Commissioner in what was then the German colony of South-West Africa.

In the war of 1914-18 he served first as an infantry officer on the Western Front. Soon he transferred to the air force, became an ace pilot and obtained the most coveted Prussian decoration, the Order Pour le Merite. Ultimately he was selected by his brother officers as Richthofen's successor in command of the famous "Death Squadron." Republican Germany was little to his liking. On his own admission he never forgot the humiliation of having his ribbons and badges of rank torn from his uniform by revolutionaries. The bitter memory was to bear fruit, 15 years later, in his ruthless suppression of Socialists and Communists.

Four Years in Impoverished Exile

He went to Denmark. For a year he was adviser to a Danish civil aviation company, and from 1920 to 1921 he was director and chief pilot of the Swedish concern Svenska Lufttrafik. Returning to Germany, he became interested in the political programme of an obscure and derided agitator named Adolf Hitler. In 1922 he joined the National Socialist party. Backed by his reputation as a war ace, he rapidly gained prominence in the movement. His first major task was to organize the newly formed S.A., or Storm Troops. By the summer of 1923 he was commanding the picked body known as the Hitler Shock Troops.

In the Munich putsch of November 8 and 9, 1923, Goering marched with Hitler and Ludendorff in the front rank of the Nazi demonstrators. But their premature attempt at a *coup d'etat* was frustrated. Goering, seriously wounded, escaped across the Austrian frontier to Innsbruck, recovered and went on to Italy. He was sentenced in his absence to five years' imprisonment. The next four years he spent in impoverished exile in Rome and Stockholm, working for a short time as a commercial traveller—apparently the only civilian post he held after leaving the Swedish company in 1921.

Meanwhile, Hitler had been released in December 1924 from the Landsberg fortress, having dictated "Mein Kampf" to his cellmate, Rudolf Hess. The Nazi movement was again in being. Hindenburg proclaimed a general amnesty for political offenders, and in 1927 Goering returned to Germany. He

RISE to power and final crash of the Nazi leader who cheated the hangman on October 15, 1946, as outlined in *The Daily Telegraph* by Hugh Sutherland. See also pages 431-435.

immediately rejoined Hitler. In May 1928 he was elected to the Reichstag as one of 12 Nazi deputies. As the Fuehrer was not himself a member, it fell to Goering to lead the group through the years of stress which preceded the collapse of the Weimar Republic.

Inexorably his power increased, for the times were propitious. By September 1930 the Nazis had 107 members and formed the second largest party in the Reich. By August 1932 he had become President of the Reichstag. On January 29, 1933, Hitler became Chancellor, the Nazis assumed power and, with the rest of them, Goering had arrived.

He became Cabinet Minister Without Portfolio, Reich Commissioner for Air,



FOUNDER OF THE GESTAPO—Goering in the uniform of a Field-Marshal of the Luftwaffe, shortly after his capture. He was deprived of his rank and decorations before his trial. Photo, Associated Press

Prussian Minister of the Interior and presently Prussian Prime Minister. It is now established that, on the night of February 27, 1933, he contrived the Reichstag fire, pretext for outlawing the Communists and prelude to a trial in which he was badly bested by the defendant Dimitrov. A Dutch imbecile, Van der Lubbe, was beheaded as the scapegoat.

Appointing himself Chief of the Prussian Police, Goering founded the Gestapo, instigated the concentration camps and remorselessly "liquidated" the Fuehrer's opponents within and without the party. He played a lethal part in Hitler's great purge of June 30, 1934, known as the "Night of the Long Knives." Openly he boasted of his utter lack of scruple. Speaking at Dortmund, he said:

"A bullet fired from the barrel of a police pistol is my bullet. If you say that is murder, then I am the murderer. . . . I know two sorts of law because I know two sorts of men—those who are for us and those who are against us."

ALREADY, unknown to the world at large, he was secretly creating the Luftwaffe. In covert places, defying the Versailles Treaty, as he later declared, production went forward 24 hours a day. In March 1935 the air rearmament of Germany was openly announced by Hitler. In 1936, with the unequivocal slogan "Guns Before Butter," Goering launched Germany on the Four-Year Plan of

Self-Sufficiency. It was, in effect, a mobilization of the country's economy for total war. By 1938, shortly after Munich, he announced a five-fold expansion of the Luftwaffe.

Amid Europe's pre-war crises he was not idle. He played a part even more decisive than that of Hitler in the annexation of Austria in March 1938. On his own admission he inspired the crucial message from Seyss-Inquart, the Austrian Nazi quisling, calling for German troops. A year later Goering was threatening the destruction of Prague by bombing to force the surrender of Dr. Hacha, President of Czechoslovakia.

His "peace moves" on the eve of war were much publicised during the Nuremberg trial. The prosecution was able to show, however, that the terms offered by Hitler were tantamount to a new Munich, another bloodless victory for aggression. Goering was trying, in effect, to prevent Britain from keeping her pledge to Poland. On September 1, 1939, the day of the invasion of Poland, Hitler designated Goering as his successor. A few months later he was appointed Economic Dictator of the Reich, with a view to ensuring "strong and unified leadership in the economic war." Soon after the Nazis' rise to power he had been promoted at one step from captain to general. Five years later he was raised to field-marshal, and in July 1940 he was to become Marshal of the Reich, a rank of which he was the first and only holder.

Haunting the Ruins of the Reich

By that time the variety of his functions was surpassed only by the multiplicity of his uniforms and decorations, which became a stock jest even in Germany. He entertained lavishly amid the barbaric splendours of his Karnhall estate. He filled his house with old masters, *objets d'art* and curios of all kinds—including loot from the battlefronts.

His enormous energy was matched by his flamboyant confidence. He boasted that he would not permit the Ruhr to be the target of "one single bomb from hostile aircraft." By the summer of 1940 he stood at the pinnacle of his power. Nemesis followed swiftly. The Battle of Britain shattered the Luftwaffe's legend of invincibility. As the Allied attacks gained weight the prestige of Goering inevitably declined. It is possible that as early as 1941 he read the omens aright, for towards the end of that year he was planning to invest the enormous sum of £12,500,000 in United States industry—a plan disrupted by Pearl Harbour.

By 1942 he was gradually fading out of the picture. By 1943, as the war passed its climacteric, his influence over Hitler waned. By D-Day he was in disgrace. Ignored by Hitler, thwarted by Bormann and despised by Himmler, he became a strange, Falstaffian ghost haunting the ruins of the Reich. As the darkness deepened he left Berlin, made his way to Berchtesgaden, and attempted a last-moment palace revolution. He was arrested on Hitler's orders and condemned to death, but a Luftwaffe party set him free.

He fled to Austria, there to be captured by United States troops. In form, as in substance, his power had vanished. The Fuehrer's last will and testament had dismissed him "for negotiating with the enemy and attempting to seize control of the State." Then there came the long wait for the trial in Nazism's own citadel of Nuremberg. In this he filled the role, as it were, of the chief prisoner, and among the fallen tyrants in the dock his was the dominating personality.

In the witness-box Goering made a hard and even an adroit fight for his life, but there was never a shadow of doubt about the guilt of this architect of aggression who in his prime knew neither mercy nor scruple.

Europe's Wartime Capitals in 1946

THE most ruined and devastated capital in Europe, for about six months, from the Warsaw Rising in August 1944 till the middle of January 1945, the Germans methodically dynamited and burned down almost every building in Poland's chief city. Only those the Germans themselves occupied were spared. Of about 25,000 dwelling-houses and offices on both sides of the Vistula—Warsaw proper and its suburb Praga—only 7,000 were habitable after the Germans left and the Russians entered in January 1945. There is not a street, not a lane, not a square in Warsaw without ruins.

It will take a generation at least to clear away the piles of bricks, lime, iron and dust. It is estimated that, in pre-war currency, the damage the Germans caused by the destruction of Warsaw is well over £400,000,000. But such is the attachment of the Polish people to this city that no obstacle would make them abandon the idea of making it again the capital of Poland. Although when liberated from the Germans there was not a single Polish civilian living in the place, there are now over 500,000 people working, living and enjoying life amidst these vast ruins. There are cinemas, cafés, theatres, shops and offices where life is normal, and in them one almost forgets, for the time being, that one is in a devastated city. There are even cafes and restaurants where the dancing and general gaiety are far livelier than in most capitals of Europe today.

Astonishing Stocks in the Shops

The first thing the Government did in order to make Warsaw a capital again was to move the seat of Government from Lublin to Warsaw immediately after its liberation, though there were not sufficient houses to shelter all the administration, which had, for a time, to remain in Praga, on the eastern bank of the Vistula. Now, however, all the Government offices are settled in repaired houses in Warsaw proper. Water, light and gas are available everywhere, and over 5,000 telephones are in use compared with 200 in 1945. Communication is almost normal; trolley buses came from Moscow, U.N.R.R.A. lorries from New York, and some 20 double-decker buses from London. These double-deckers scared people at first; many would

WARSAW

By J. CANG

again. Gossip starting from the porter on the ground floor occasionally becomes a "serious document" by the time it reaches a diplomat's chancery on the sixth, or it turns into a bloodcurdling story in some correspondent's room on any floor of the Polonia.

WARSAW has an abundance of food. It would make any English housewife cry with envy to see the large stocks in the shops—little happy islands in a sea of ruins. You can get as much fish and meat as you like, and butter, eggs, cream, cheese, sugar—even lemons and grape fruit. You can order yourself as much turkey or chicken or steak or schnitzel in the restaurants as you wish. The only restriction is that you cannot have meat on three days in the week, but even then poultry and fish are available. The sale of cakes—some of the most luscious I have ever seen—is also restricted three days in the week, which is no great hardship.

But, whilst offering a foreign visitor the best food any capital in Europe can now offer, Warsaw also asks the highest prices. A luncheon consisting of soup, meat, dessert, beer and coffee will cost at the Polonia restaurant about 500 or 600 zlotys, which is about 30s. at the official rate. Breakfast of eggs and bacon (they always give you three eggs), coffee and rolls, will cost up to 10s. or more. Dinner, again in the Polonia, will cost about the same as lunch, and with drinks, including a couple of vodkas or cocktails, will reach the £2 figure. A room in the Polonia (if you can manage to secure one) costs about £1 per day.

For Poles there are two prices for everything. In the official market they are low, in the free market very high. A pound of butter, for example, costs about 1s. in the officially controlled market and over 5s. in the free market. Meat will be 6d. a pound in the official, and 1s. 6d. in the free, and the same with every other commodity. Workers, officials, and all those employed by the State, whether in factory or office, are entitled to purchase goods at the official price.

All others, such as businessmen, doctors, lawyers, manufacturers, writers working on their own account, must pay the prices in the free market. For instance, an official or worker pays £3 for a suit manufactured in the State-

owned factory. The tailor who is working for himself is compelled to make one or two suits a month at the price of £1 for an official, while to his ordinary customers he will charge £10 for making a similar suit. The same applies to shoes, furniture, carpets and so on.

Salaries and wages are low. The Prime Minister gets about 8,000 zlotys a month, which at the official rate is approximately £20. A post-office official gets just over £3 a month. How do they contrive to exist? Well, their standard of living is generally lower than that of their opposite numbers in Western Europe, and they manage somehow. Normally, the official or worker receives his rations (often hitherto supplied by U.N.R.R.A.), and with the little he is able to buy with his money can make a living. He is entitled to shelter and a meal a day in the place where he works. Even Cabinet Ministers receive their meals from the departmental kitchen. As Warsaw cannot and does not house all the half-million people who work there, many live in the less-damaged suburbs or in the countryside around. There they have vegetable gardens, often orchards, which help out their supplies.

Princes in Search of a Living

In spite of the ruins Warsaw has all the characteristics of a capital. It is full of movement and life. There is a constant rush of traffic, as busy outside the Polonia as in London's Piccadilly Circus. Cafés and restaurants are crowded; so are the streets—those that have been cleared. New shops are being opened every day, mainly provision shops and cafes. The dispossessed gentry, former princes and counts deprived of their large estates by the social revolution, have come to Warsaw in search of a living and small, tastefully arranged cafés and ice-cream shops run by noble ladies are a common feature in present-day Warsaw.

Over 1,000 architects, engineers, town-planners and other specialists are busy preparing details for the building of Poland's new capital. It is to be a model city, free from smoke and other evils of large towns. Warsaw is to be divided into five different sectors: a business centre with banks, shops, offices; an administrative centre, a kind of modern Whitehall; an educational, with the University, museums, libraries; an industrial, and a dwelling centre. There is also to be a separate district near the Royal Lazienki Park which will house all the foreign embassies and legations; here the British and Russian Embassies already have their offices.

It will take many years to clear Warsaw of her ruins, and many more to build a new capital. But the Polish people are determined to attempt it and are hastily laying the foundations for this gigantic task. They have cleared about 50 streets and are daily clearing more. Given years of peace and security they will accomplish their task.

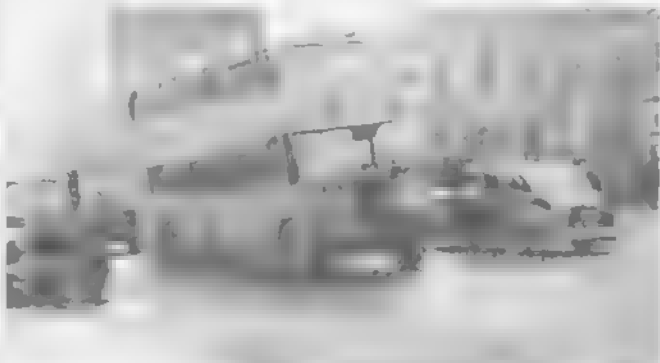


not board them; some would cross themselves in trepidation when forced to look for a seat upstairs. Taxis have recently reappeared, parked outside the Polonia Hotel, the centre of all Warsaw life, high and low.

This hotel was used by the Germans till the last moment of their stay, and so was saved from destruction. Now it houses some 15 of the 20 embassies and legations in Poland. It is a babel of languages, habits, parties and rumours; above all, rumours. There, over whisky, Polish vodka and Russian wine, the wildest rumours are born, denied and born

WARSAW TRAFFIC is now almost back to normal. Fewer primitive carts (above) are seen and, an innovation, double-decker motor buses (right) are running. About 20 of the latter arrived from London, and at first people were too scared to board them. Trolley buses came from Moscow, and lorries from New York. Taxis have reappeared.

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Amidst Warsaw Ruins a New Capital is Planned

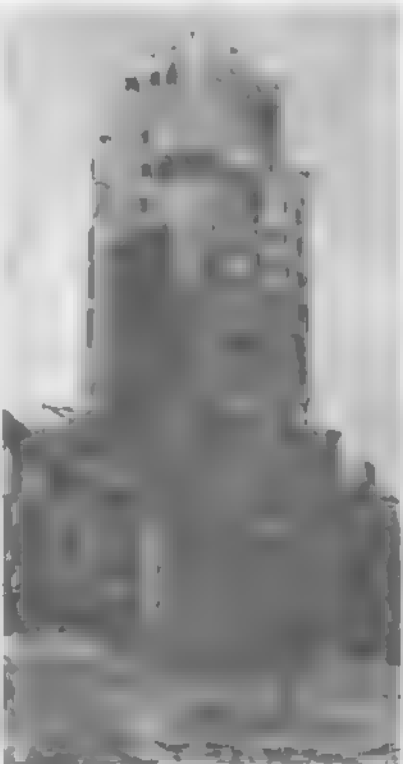


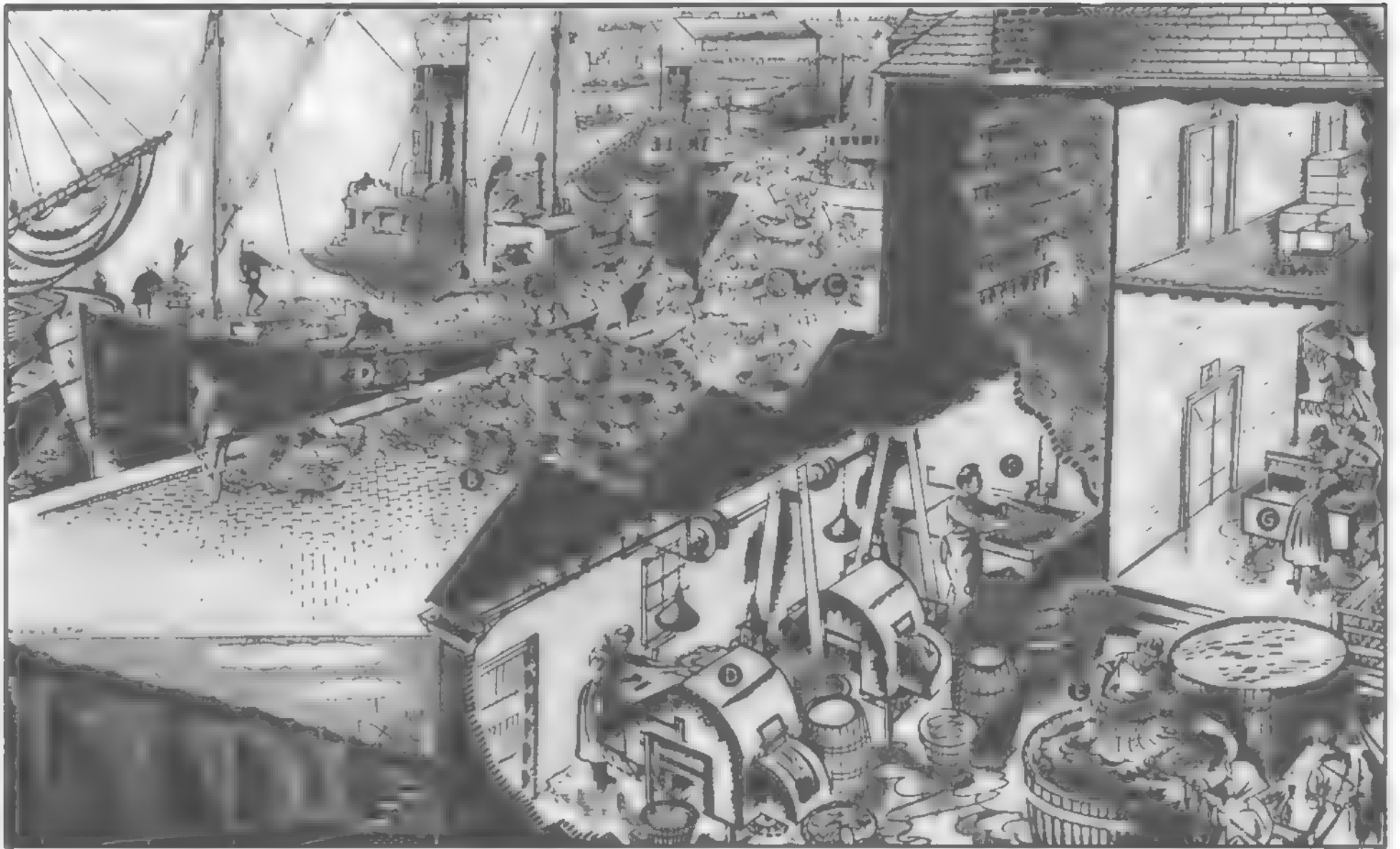
PREPARING DETAILS for the building of Poland's new capital are more than 1,000 architects, engineers, town-planners and other specialists. Their target is a model city replacing the old Warsaw which the war largely destroyed. Essential services have been restored—water, light, gas, telephones, but a generation at least will be required to effect clearance of all the debris. The Poniatowski Bridge (1), which connects the city with the suburb of Praga on the east bank of the Vistula, has already been rebuilt.

The shell of the Prudential Insurance building (2) is included in the many structures that must be demolished to clear the way for reconstruction. The shattered tomb of Warsaw's Unknown Soldier (3) is being restored. Not a street, not a lane, is without ruins: but 50 streets have been cleared and the daily total is mounting. Students are giving their services one day a month for this vital work some are seen (4) setting out for their labours in Jerozolimska Avenue—imbued with enthusiasm and undaunted by the magnitude of their task. (See also facing page.)

Photos, Associated Press, I. N. A.

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FROM DRIFTER TO TABLE is a long and complex journey for the herring. From October until December large numbers of fishing vessels operate from East Coast ports; 49 million herrings were landed at Great Yarmouth in one week of November 1940. Our artist Haworth recently visited the port and his drawing was executed from sketches made at that time. The small inset (bottom, left) shows a drifter with its nets in position, the location of the nets

being marked by coloured buoys. Seventy nets form what is known as a "fleet" and may extend for more than a mile. As soon as a vessel comes alongside the quay the task of unloading the catch (A) is begun. Baskets of fish are swung overside and tipped into large wicker containers (B) called "swills". The latter are then loaded on to carts (C) for delivery to the purchaser. The buyers are able to gauge the value of the catch from the small sample

basket that is sent to the market as soon as the drifter comes alongside. The herrings may be sold fresh, quick-frozen or pickle-cured. The Baltic countries prefer their fish pickled; in the Mediterranean countries there is a big demand for the "red" herring; the home market has a preference for Kippers and bloaters. For kippering, the fish are placed in a gutting-machine and cleaned (D) before being washed (E). After being pickled in brine

for several hours (F) they are opened out, placed on racks (G) and carried into the smoking kiln (H). Oak shavings supply the heat and smoke (J). After curing the fish are ready for packing. In the preparation of bloaters the fish are not opened but simply soaked in brine for a period, washed and threaded on long rods (K), hung on racks to drain and then placed in the smoke-house. See also facing page.

Britain's Food: from Fishing Grounds to Farm



MEN OF THE EAST COAST HERRING DRIFTERS are not deterred by rough weather, leaving Yarmouth harbour (1) for the North Sea fishing grounds. The abundant herring ultimately becomes food in one form or another. Fish that would otherwise be wasted may enrich the farmlands as manure, or it may be converted into fish meal—conveyed by factory elevator (2) to a drying plant, the ground-up product being bagged (3) for sale as animal or poultry food. See also facing page.

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Photos, Associated Press, Topical



Sgt. N. W. S. ABBOTT
Royal Air Force.
Action: Germany June 44.
Age 21 (Farnham)

No great has been the response of readers to our invitation to submit portraits for our Roll of Honour (but we more can be accepted - But we have every hope of being able to publish all those so far received

Dvr H. E. S. ALCOCK
Royal Engineers.
Action: Walcheren, 1.11.44.
Age 19. (Gursley)



L.A.C. H. ALLEN
Royal Air Force.
In action: 6.5.42.
Age 20. (Dresden)



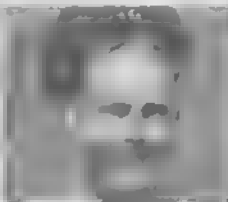
Sgt. C. J. ALLWRIGHT
1st Hertfordshire Regt.
Action: Bologna, 11.11.44.
Age 28. (London)



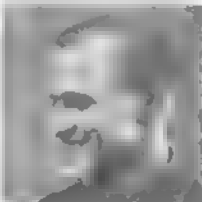
Pte. B. ARLISS
1st Parachute Regt.
Action: E. Africa, 28.3.43.
Age 20. (Louth)



L/Cpl. F. ASHWORTH
Glasgow Highlanders.
D/wnds Holland, 23.9.44.
Age 24. (Oldham)



Ldg Smm. E. CHARMAN
510 L.C.A. Flotilla, R.N.
Act on: Walcheren, 7.11.44.
Age 21. (Chelsea)



Pte. L. CHAPMAN
Gordon Highlanders.
Buchenwald Forest, 8.2.45.
Age 32. (Herpenden)



Pte. C. C. CLARIDGE
4th Bn. Suffolk Regt.
Action: Singapore, 22.4.42.
Age 24. (Luton)



A.C. A. COLEMAN
Royal Air Force.
Accident: Sudan, 4.7.42.
Age 21. (S. Wigton)



Sgt. A. DENNIS
R. Warwickshire Regt.
Action: Dover, 26.9.44.
Age 32. (Birmingham)



Sgt. D. W. FRANCIS
R. Canadian Regt.
Action: Ortona, 20.12.43.
Age 23. (Toronto)



L/Cpl. A. FALLOWFIELD
R. Norfolk Regt.
Jap. P.O.W., 27.4.45.
Age 24. (Southend-on-Sea)



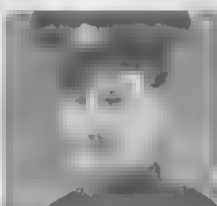
Pte. W. FALLOWFIELD
Suffolk Regiment.
Action: Burma, 14.4.44.
Age 19. (Southend-on-Sea)



Ldg Smm. R. GILTROW
Royal Navy.
Russian convoy, 29.3.42.
Age 45. (Exeter)



Gdsman. L. C. F. GLEEN
Coldstream Guards.
Action: Italy, 7.8.44.
Age 24. (London)



Cpl. G. E. GOLDSMITH
Honourable Artillery Coy.
In action: April 44.
Age 27. (London)



Gnr. J. W. HARLEY
Royal Artillery.
Action: Cowes, 6.3.41.
Age 21. (Newport)



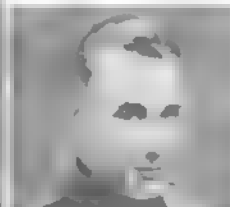
Sgt. W. F. HARRISON
Royal Air Force.
Action: Denmark, April 44.
Age 31. (London)



Flt. Sgt. D. HARRISON
Pathfinder, R.A.F.
Action: Germany, Feb. 44.
Age 23. (London)



Tpr. A. HOWLETT
12th Bn. R. Tank Regt.
Action: Rimini, 19.10.44.
Age 22. (Burton-on-Trent)



Fus. J. HUGHES
R. Inniskilling Fusiliers
Action: Italy, 12.10.43.
Age 27. (Widnes)



Pte. S. JENKINS
South Wales Borderers.
Action: Pinawa, 15.11.44.
Age 30. (Salford)



Seaman F. O. MUNDAY
R.N. Patrol Service.
Off Iceland, 9.3.45.
Age 38. (Dorford)



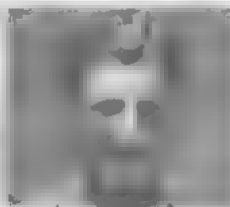
Sgt. D. NORMINGTON
Bomber Command R.A.F.
Action: Cologne, 30.5.42.
Age 23. (Richmond)



Marine H. ODEN
Royal Marines.
Died of wounds, 15.7.43.
Age 30. (Rochdale)



Sgt. D. S. PHILLIPS
K.O. Scottish Borderers.
Action: W. Europe, 2.3.45.
Age 28. (Bala)



Pte. D. Y. POIGNAND
Hampshire Regiment.
Action: N. Africa, 8.4.43.
Age 24. (Jersey)



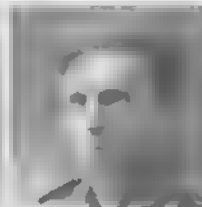
Dvr. A. POLLARD
R. Army Service Corps.
Action: Sicily, 13.1.42.
Age 21. (Hanging Heaton)



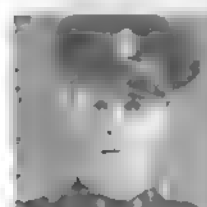
Pte. W. F. REID
Essex Regiment.
Died of wounds, 8.2.44.
Age 29. (Shoeburyness)



E. R. F. SANDFORD
Royal Navy.
Action: Europe, 15.6.44.
Age 21. (Runcorn)



Pte. W. SHAND
Gordon Highlanders.
Action: Italy, 14.12.44.
Age 21. (Aberdeen)



L. Cpl. T. R. SHAW
Royal Engineers.
Action: Tebruk, 6.12.41.
Age 2. (Long Eaton)



Sgt. Plt. R. F. SHIRLEY
Royal Air Force.
Northants, 15.7.42.
Age 19. (Dagenham)



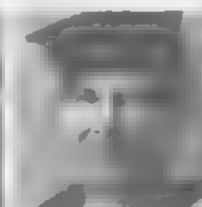
Pte. J. W. WEST
Middlesex Regiment.
Action: Normandy, 21.7.44.
Age 20. (Sutton)



Dvr. W. WHITE
Royal Signals.
P.O.W. Siam, 13.1.44.
Age 37. (Denon)



L. Cpl. J. S. WILLIAMS
Royal Welch Fusiliers.
Action: Burma, 1.3.45.
Age 31. (Carmarvon)



1st Cl. Boy R. WILLIAMS
Royal Navy.
Action: Malta, 15.2.42.
Age 12. (Normanton)

I WAS THERE!

THE HUMAN STORY OF 1939-1946

Wise Pootung Pete of Shanghai Camp

In charge of the health work in civilian internment camps "run" by the Japanese, R. Kenneth McAll, M.B., C.B., a medical missionary of the London Missionary Society, narrates how by means of drawings and posters done with brush and ink in Chinese style he helped through months of confinement to restore and maintain the morale of fellow internees.

ONE day in January 1939 news came to us of a skirmish about 10 miles away, in which twenty Chinese guerillas had been executed by the Japanese. The local populace, searching for loot, had found one of the guerillas still alive and had hidden him in a temple. He had been there ten days. We found him with a great sword gash extending from the back of his neck round to the corner of his mouth: he had refused to kneel down for the stroke and had been too



R. K. McALL

tall for the little Jap to reach properly. We brought him in on a mule cart to hospital and sewed him up. Three months later he asked, in English, for painting materials. He told us he was a graduate of the Peking College of Fine Arts who had been press-ganged into the Communist army. For two years he lived in our house, hiding from Japanese and Communists alike and painting birds and flowers—his speciality. For days he would think about his painting and the meaning he wanted to express, then with a few strokes of his brush would appear the finished product. From him I learned nearly all I know of Chinese art, a gift which has been invaluable to me in more ways than one.

Six of Us Lived in a Lift-Shaft

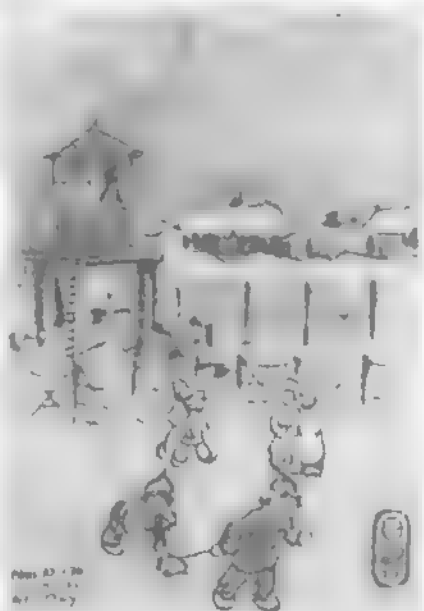
On March 11, 1943, we waited, cold and wondering, in the garden of Shanghai Cathedral. The Japanese had finally decided that the concentration of enemy aliens in Shanghai was not enough. Some 7,000 British, American and Dutch nationals were to be interned; 500 of them, mostly men of some prominence, had already been taken without warning. Another 1,000 of us were to be taken up-country and divided between three camps. I and an old schoolfriend who also was a doctor had volunteered to go with our wives, one a doctor and the other a nurse, and our small girls, then 18 months old, to one of these up-country camps, as they were short of medical help there. So here we were with our daughters strapped on our backs, Korean fashion, to leave our hands free for luggage-carrying. We had been allowed to take one trunk each and as much as we could carry in our hands.

To our coat lapels were tied identity labels on which was written our camp, "Civil Assembly Centre B," and our number, 10/175. On the river steamer we were warmed up with small portions of curry and rice, the curry so hot that only the strongest could eat it. There was great excitement among

the guards as we disembarked from the steamer—two of the prisoners were missing. They counted and recounted. Finally someone pointed out the two little figures strapped to their fathers' backs, and all was well.

Our camp was in a mission school compound. We did our best to settle down cheerfully to our life of roll calls, food queues, water carrying and community living; but for many these first days were very hard. Most of us had lost our homes and nearly all our worldly possessions. There were men whose families had evacuated earlier, and women whose men-folk had joined up, for whom there would be years of separation with a minimum of news. We had to change over suddenly from normal feeding to two helpings a day of soup with bits of vegetable and a few lumps of meat in it and rice of doubtful quality. Sanitary arrangements could be described as primitive, and we had to dig two wells ourselves.

I was put in charge of the public health work, so out came my Chinese brush and ink to produce health posters in Chinese style for the camp. I illustrated such topics as "Did you wash your hands?" and "Swat that fly" and "Eat your potato skins." At the same time I began to keep a diary of camp life, also done with Chinese brush and ink on the only available paper—a toilet roll. By the end of the War there were 35 yards of drawings. The example of those who were out for the good of everyone gradually bore fruit. When a boy had an attack of acute appendicitis, the whole camp wanted to help. The carpenters prepared a table, the sanitary squad cleaned out a small room, the kitchen staff lit fires and boiled water. An anaesthetic mask was made out of a piece of wire, and the operation was quite successful. In September 1943 we were transferred to



MISSIONARIES' CHILDREN at Pootung improvised their own toys to while away the time in the compound whilst older playmates were in the camp school.

Shanghai, to a camp which had been running for several months for men only. It was an old tobacco factory in Pootung across the river from the city. Conditions here were much worse. Sixteen large rooms housed 1,100 people. Our two small girls were the only young children in the camp, so we were given the privilege of living together in a space half of which had once been the lift-shaft! The lift was pulled up to the top floor, where another family lived on top of it, while the shaft was boarded over with two heavy doors to make the floor of our room. Our entire space measured 13 feet by 9 feet for the six of us, and through it ran the oily lift cable. However, we had a wooden partition between



AMUSEMENT COMBINED WITH EXHORTATION came from the brush of our contributor. Health posters, as on the left, were backed up with wisecracks about daily occurrences in the camp, in which Pootung Pete (right) figured as a kind of Asiatic "Chad"—unshaven, down-at-heel, but full of infinite wisdom. These drawings were kept going for close on two years.



LIFT-SHAFT HOME FOR SIX, including two small girls, was formed by boarding over the shaft with two heavy doors to form the floor of a room measuring 13 feet by 9 feet. The lift itself was pulled up to the top floor and another family lived on top of it. Sixteen rooms in the old Footung tobacco factory across the river from Shanghai housed 1,100 people.

us and our neighbours, whereas the rest had nothing—or at best a curtain hung precariously on a piece of string.

There were 38 different nationalities living in the camp, including the crew, mostly "darky," of the S.S. President Harrison; the leader of one of Shanghai's best dance bands; a bishop; and a few ex-convicts, missionaries, engineers and university professors. Once again I was put in charge of public health, and my Chinese pen and ink came into play. I soon found that mere "public health" posters were not enough. People realized very little the menace to our health from inadequate feeding, dirt, mosquitoes, rats and boredom. Something more had to be done, and quickly, to stimulate the thinking and morale of the camp.

One far-seeing man had already begun the publication of a daily paper in which figured Footung Pete who made wisecracks about the events around us. He immediately came to life in my mind as a little unshaven man with much worn clothes, and before long he was appearing in a new set of cartoon posters. Together we thought out the subjects for Footung Pete's wisdom and managed to keep the drawing going for nearly two years. They appeared under the heading of "THINK," in the camp dining-hall.

Other people got busy with the entertainment side. An internee who for 25 years had been a military bandmaster turned a medley of "swing" artistes into a symphony orchestra. A nephew of the late Sir Walford Davies trained a choir and soloists and wrote music for variety shows. Experts of the Shanghai amateur dramatic club produced numerous plays. For period plays such as Shakespeare, artists drew pictures of the costumes they wanted, then wandered round the camp eyeing bedspreads, curtains and personal clothing till they found what they needed. They hardly ever met with a refusal to lend. At a show the front row of seats was always reserved for the Japanese commandant and his friends; they would sit unmoved while the orchestra finished a programme with a carefully camouflaged version of "God Save the King."

FREE education was another prominent feature of camp life, and if one had time one could study anything from bio-chemistry to ship-designing. School was run for the older children, and several sat for their Cambridge School Certificate examination behind a curtain in the dining hall while the camp barbers, masseuses, lecturers and bridge-players carried on on the other side.

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As medicals we had little spare time. There were clinics to be held, drains to be examined, rats to be caught and beds to be de-bugged. We realized the value of our medical experience under such conditions and spent six months making a complete analysis of the health record of the camp. This is now in the hands of experts along with other prison camp medical officers' reports. A long queue waited daily outside the dentists' room. The dentists, one a young missionary and the other an engineer, filled teeth, did extractions and repaired dentures, doing jobs which have since successfully passed the critical eye of dentists at home.

Hot Brick and a Cold "Darky"

The "family" feeling grew, and so did the family. Subdued cheers from the surrounding men's dormitories greeted the first wails of Michael, born at 2 a.m. on a bitter January night. He was under five pounds and we had no heating except for a small electric hot-plate, the use of which was officially forbidden. However, the nurses won the battle for Michael's life. Cases needing operation were allowed to go to the big hospital in Shanghai. Stretcher squads worked by rota to get an equal chance of a trip across the river. This was not all fun when the patient was heavy and the tide was low. Sampans are not the steadiest of crafts, but no patients ever had a ducking, thanks to the expert training and teamwork of their bearers. Over 100 people took the course and passed the tests for the St. John Ambulance badge. They were posted in different parts of the camp to act as dressers and assistants whenever an air raid threatened.

Every Saturday morning, when the fire brigade was practising, the camp was flooded with water; the old factory hoses which they used squirted water not only at the business end but right along their length. The nearest thing to a fire happened when a cold "darky" decided to warm his bed with a brick from the kitchen fire. When he came to go to bed he found his brick had made its way through his mattress and was slowly burning its way through the floor. The Japanese left us alone most of the time; roll-call twice a day served as a reminder of our position. We lined up on the playing field—a levelled-out portion of a bombed village—and for anyone whose feet were not together, whose arms were crossed or whose face had a smile on it, there would be a push or a slap and much talking.

THEY never quite decided what to do with us in air raids. For the earlier night raids we were herded out on to the playing field, and there we sat huddled on the ground listening to the distant drone of our own aircraft. As raids grew more frequent they left us in the building; the upper floors were evacuated, as shrapnel, like the rain, came through the thin roof only too easily and we were surrounded by anti-aircraft guns.

When our last Christmas together came round I collected a team to work with me, and together we painted Christmas scenes on the walls and matting window-screens. For colouring we used powdered brick, white-wash and soot, mixed with rice paste. On one of the walls we painted an old English fireplace complete with Toby jugs, bed-warmers and a stag's head. The carpenters made a mantelpiece and a mock fire. Round this imitation piece of Home people gathered to smoke, chat or play games. On one of the window-screens was painted the camp coat-of-arms with the motto: *Je vainc et pa en France* ("Conquer yourself, then you may enjoy peace"). When the American relief mission visited the camp at the end of the War we heard that the Footung area had been scheduled as the place of landing for the airborne troops in the invasion which was to have taken place two days after the date on which Japan surrendered.

I Was There!

We Were First Into Liberated Paris

Arriving in the forefront of the Allied armies after a night-drive without lights, Civil Affairs teams received a delirious welcome from the people of Paris on the triumphant morning of the city's liberation, August 26, 1944. The story is told by Capt. L. E. Stone, R.A.S.C. Supply Officer, then attached to the 1st European Civil Affairs Regiment, U.S. Army.

A NUMBER of American Civil Affairs teams, of one of which I was a member, assembled on August 23, 1944, in the woods some 30 miles south-east of Paris. All along the route to our assembly point we had been greeted with the cry "Paris est libéré!" by excited inhabitants of villages and towns. Actually, its fall was imminent. The 2nd French Armoured Division had passed us a couple of days previously, and to them had been given the honour of being the first to enter Paris and co-operate with the F.F.I. in clearing the city of the Germans.

The Civil Affairs teams had been hurriedly withdrawn from rear areas and detailed to assist the Paris authorities in restoring the life of the city to something approaching normal. The teams were composed of American and British officers, each a specialist in some branch of civil life—law, banking, transport, public utilities, welfare, food supplies—with a long and thorough training in civil affairs work. Each team had its complement of enlisted men, all American—jeep-drivers, clerks, and so on. We were lectured at high pressure on the governmental set-up and all the known conditions existing in Paris, to enable us to get to work without delay. Finally each team was told the district (arrondissement) of Paris for

which it was to be responsible, and given a list of the last-known public officials it had to contact immediately on arrival.

We had arrived at the assembly point in the woods early in the evening. To make things more difficult it started to rain, and we had to delay pitching our tents to attend conferences. It was nearly midnight when word arrived that Paris was not yet free of the enemy, and we would not move until the following day. Then came the unpleasant business of bedding down in the darkness of the wood, and the rain so heavy that soon we were wet to the skin. All our kit was loaded on the jeep trailers and it was impossible to sort it out in the darkness, so we made ourselves as comfortable as possible in the jeeps and under them. No one slept for more than a few minutes at a time. Heavy armoured vehicles thundered along the road by the side of the wood. Small-arms fire kept us on the alert—parties of Germans cut off from their units were wandering about and sniping in the direction of any sound or light.

Early next morning, with the rain still falling heavily, a very sad, stiff and tired lot of Civil Affairs officers and men roused themselves to eat a breakfast of "K" rations. Fortunately my team had some petrol cookers and we were able to enjoy a cup of hot

coffee. All day we waited for news from Paris, attending lectures, drying our clothes, and making arrangements to stay another night. With suppressed excitement we speculated on the job before us—what would Paris be like after four years under the Germans? What sort of reception would we get from the people?

There was still no news on the evening of the 25th, and at 11 p.m. we bedded down, prepared to make a sudden move. At 11.30 the order came, and at midnight we started for Paris: a 30-mile journey, no lights, and some uncertainty as to which roads we would have to take. Each team had with it an unreliable 3-ton captured German lorry we had loaded with token food supplies, for we did not want to go in empty-handed. Sitting in the back of a jeep we peered intently into the darkness, trying to see road signs, to recognize villages we passed through and to read our maps with a pinpoint of light. Packed in as we were with our equipment movement was impossible, and acute discomfort gradually overcame the excitement we had felt at the start of the journey.

German Road-Block Dead Ahead

Suddenly the leading vehicles came to a stop. The motor cyclist guide came down the column telling drivers to turn around—we had run into a German road-block. With as little noise and as quickly as possible the convoy was turned in the narrow road. Another route, involving a detour of many miles, was mapped out, and we travelled to enter Paris from the south. Dawn was breaking as we entered the outlying suburbs,



AT YERDUN A CIVIL DEFENCE TEAM started work immediately after the liberation of the town on September 1, 1944. There was very little damage in Yerdun itself, but there were many homeless in neighbouring districts, and for these food, clothing and shelter had to be provided in the manner described in this story. Four team members here are, left to right, Private Georgette Mercier, of Yire, France; Capt. J. B. Bearman, of Sturmore, England; Capt. Paul E. Middleton, of Indianapolis, U.S.A., and Private Evelyn Chambon, of Madagascar. PAGE 507 Photo, U.S. Information Service



Motto "To Hit the Mark."

NO. 10 SQUADRON

DISBANDED after the First Great War the Squadron was re-formed as a bomber formation at Upper Heyford, Oxfordshire, in 1928. In September 1939 it was stationed at Melbourn, Yorks, and took part in the leaflet raids over Berlin. Originally equipped with Whitley aircraft, it was later converted to a Halifax squadron. It went to France in November 1939 and operated security patrols over Borkum, Sylt and Heligoland.

During 1940 the targets were many and varied, including Berlin, the Ruhr and submarine bases. In 1941 the operational area was extended to include Frankfurt, Rostock, Stuttgart and La Palice, where the German battleship Scharnhorst was hiding. Up till 1944 the squadron was continuously engaged in the bombing of strategic targets in Germany, but its proudest of its work after D-Day.

It helped to neutralize the heavy guns on the coast of Normandy. Caen was bombed before the final assault; key-points on the French railways were destroyed; and Falaise was attacked. In the 11 months following D-Day the squadron operated on 149 nights and days, dropping 7,600 tons of bombs, in addition to 600 mines. Gelsenkirchen, Essen, Cologne and Chemnitz were heavily-defended targets attacked, and the squadron suffered severe casualties.

The visit to Chemnitz was made in support of the advancing Russian armies and involved a flight of nine hours. The remarkable expansion of the heavy bomber units of the R.A.F. is shown nowhere better than in the development of this squadron—"The Shining Tenth," as it calls itself. During its first few sorties only a handful of airmen were briefed; but in the latter part of 1944 an average of 20 Halifaxes went on each mission.

by which time the jeep seats seemed incredibly hard. It was now light enough to smoke, and with a cigarette came a renewal of excitement. What were we to find in Paris? The French Armoured Division was already in the city, but we were the first British and Americans to enter. The streets of the suburbs were deserted, except for one or two early workers who seemed not in the least interested in our historic arrival, and we felt somewhat disappointed.

On we went, signs of the recent fighting now becoming apparent: road-blocks, damaged buildings, abandoned light tanks, overturned cars, barricaded streets. Then the Eiffel Tower—every one of us had been watching for the first sight of it, to convince ourselves that this really was Paris. There were now more early workers in the streets, and one or two stared, then waved or gave the V-sign. At seven o'clock on the morning of August 26 we entered the Tuileries

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What a scene of devastation! The famous gardens were strewn with wreckage of the previous days' fighting between the last of the German rearguard and the F.F.I. and French Armoured Division. The Germans had loaded a number of trucks and buses with their equipment; these had been wrecked, and the contents lay scattered about. Tanks had been put out of action and set on fire. Parts of rifles and machine-guns, and spent ammunition, littered the roads. Clothing and personal belongings were strewn haphazard all over the place.

Tanks Operating 500 Yards Away

For three hours we waited in the Tuileries while our C.O., an American major, attended a conference with the other team C.O.s, under the direction of an American lieutenant-colonel. As we expected to move any minute we did not attempt to wash and shave, and despite the excitement of being here in the centre of Paris we felt very grimy, tired and hungry. Soap and water and a cup of coffee would have brightened our outlook considerably. A crowd of excited Parisians had collected, all eager to shake our hands and to say how grateful they were.

They told us about the horrors of life during the German Occupation, about the excellent work of the F.F.I., and that there were still thousands of the enemy holding out in the suburbs. They asked innumerable questions about the war, about England, America and Russia. Would Churchill come to Paris? they asked.

Our C.O. returned with orders that his team had to report at once to the officials of the arrondissement for which we were to be responsible. Our small convoy of three jeeps and the 3-ton lorry loaded with food was piloted through the city by an armed F.F.I. man. The streets were empty of traffic (there was no public transport) except for a number of F.F.I. cars which always travelled at an amazing speed, and bicycles. Never had I seen so many bicycles. The Germans had commandeered thousands, yet still the streets were almost impassable because of cyclists. People lined the pavements, cheering and giving the V-sign. This brought others to the windows of their apartments, and not a few ran into the street in pyjamas and dressing gowns to wave and shout in the utmost excitement, "Vive l'Amerique! Vive l'Angleterre!"

A grand display of flags, French, British, American and Russian, fluttered from every building. How, after four years of Occupation, had the French people managed to produce so many Allied flags? Closer examination revealed that they were mostly home-made. Later we heard how people had sat up all night dyeing sheets and sewing them into flags, patiently cutting out and fastening on the 48 stars of the American flag, puzzling about the correct stripes of the Union Jack, and the hammer-and-sickle of Russia; and of course their own flag was brought out of hiding to be flown triumphantly with those of the liberators.

We pulled up in the square outside the Town Hall where we had to report, and at once our vehicles were mobbed. In seconds the big square was packed with an excited crowd all pressing to get near us. We were pinned to the sides of the jeeps and the lorry. Men, women and children reached for our hands, we were kissed by hundreds of them, tears rolling down their faces as they tried to thank us for coming.

The F.F.I. boys, armed with rifles, automatics, hand grenades, and in civilian clothes, did their best to keep the crowd from suffocating us. At last they managed to get our C.O. in to see the Mayor and when they appeared on the balcony together the cheer that

went up was deafening. Almost at the same moment machine-gun fire came from the church tower in the square. Some F.F.I. men near us hurriedly explained that this suburb was not clear of the enemy, that we were the first military to arrive there, that the French Armoured Division was expected but had not yet arrived, and that German tanks were operating about 500 yards away. At the sound of the shots panic broke out, and we urged the



Capt. L. E. STONE

police and the F.F.I. to clear the square immediately. Being a Civil Affairs unit we were not, of course, equipped to deal with tanks, so we were ordered to return to the Tuileries. Back there at about midday we had our first meal—"K" rations, consisting of biscuits, tinned meat, sweets, coffee and cigarettes contained in a small box. The day was hot, and we sat in the shade of the trees. Scores of Parisians came and watched us, curious about our food. We gave sweets to the children, and cigarettes and packets of coffee to their parents the first real coffee they had seen for four years. The cigarettes were most prized: the ration for civilians then was 80 French cigarettes per month, and American or English cigarettes reaching the black market were selling at anything up to 30s. for a packet of 20.

At about 2 o'clock we were ordered to return to the Town Hall to hand over our lorry of foodstuffs. We found the streets crowded. Laughing faces and pretty dresses were everywhere. The Parisiennes looked almost unchanged by the exigencies of war. Our reception this time was beyond anything we had imagined possible. Our three jeeps were literally besieged. Masses of people lining the boulevards, waving, shouting, ran into the road and stopped us. Fruit and bottles of wine were offered to us. Hundreds of hands sought to shake ours. We were embraced by old and young. We submitted to it all, speechless with emotion, and we arrived back in the Tuileries practically submerged by boys and girls; there were fifteen youngsters on my jeep.

Snipers Fired Into the Crowds

At 4 p.m. we had at last an opportunity to wash and shave. The gardens and neighbouring roads were a mass of people. General de Gaulle had just passed, after reviewing the French Armoured Division. Suddenly shots rang out. Snipers were firing into the crowds from the high buildings in the Rue de Rivoli. Pandemonium broke out. F.F.I. men returned the fire, and we saw men scrambling about on the roof-tops. A large volume of fire which seemed to come from a big apartment house was returned by heavy machine-guns mounted on the French tanks. Fear struck the people, and they threw themselves flat on the ground or took cover behind trees and vehicles.

When at last the firing died away Paris began to enjoy the first evening of actual freedom. Crowds wandered through the streets, gazing at burnt-out German tanks, shell holes in buildings, barricades and other material of war. Actually the centre of Paris had suffered very little damage during the war. As we walked to the hotel that had been reserved for us we were stopped time and time again for our hands to be shaken, and we were deafened with invitations to many homes. The next day we settled down to the serious business of Civil Affairs. Municipal

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government was working extremely well, and our main tasks resolved themselves into welfare work, supplies and transport.

I shall always remember the fortitude and high spirits of the British civilians in the internment camp at St. Denis, who would have starved to death but for the care given to the sick by the French in the prison hospital and the Red Cross parcels received from England.

I was greatly impressed by the results of the precision bombing of the R.A.F. They had wiped out big areas of marshalling yards and factories, bridges and junctions, with a minimum of damage to the surrounding non-military objectives. The centre of Paris was quite untouched by our bombs.

The shocking condition of German railway equipment and rolling stock amazed me, though I expected it to be pretty poor. Freight cars I saw were falling to pieces through lack of servicing, and the inscriptions in Russian bore testimony to the great mileage these had run.

ALTHOUGH accustomed to the high quality of British and American food and packing I was surprised at the excellence of the German army food supplies abandoned in Paris. In the warehouses I had to inspect I found white flour, sugar, tinned milk, fancy cakes and biscuits, tinned meats, butter, jam, etc.—all of pre-war quality and packed in well-made, strong cases. Two things we never found—coffee or tea; ersatz coffee in plenty, but not a grain of the real thing.

I spoke to many people about the difficulty of having the Boche in their midst for four years and not collaborating with them in business. One Frenchman, the director of a large firm of distributors, explained it this way. "We had to get along with them. None of us could run the risk of having our business ruined and employees left jobless by being awkward and hostile. Remember, until 1943 we could see no hope of liberation. You knew what was happening in the world; we didn't. Then, again, the German wasn't such a fool as to goad us into being hostile—he needed our co-operation. Consequently he was not always unreasonable in his demands. We knew this and traded on it. Sometimes strange accidents happened: we always apologized profusely and set to work furiously to put things right—with our left hands.

"I was responsible to a high German officer for certain army supplies. He would come and sit in the chair you're sitting on now. We'd be alone. He couldn't speak French very well, and I can't speak German, so we'd talk in English, and very often about London as we both knew it. Five days ago he sat in that chair and said, 'Well, I have come to say goodbye. I shall be sorry to leave Paris, but I shall return before very long.' I said, 'Surely you don't expect to retake Paris?' He smiled and said, 'Oh no! When you send for us to discuss the Peace Treaty I shall come as a member of the trade commission!' He then put

his hand in his pocket and brought out a bottle of port and placed it on the table. 'Here is a present for you,' he said. 'I want you to drink it with the first of your English friends to arrive in this office.' There was a pause,

then my friend went to a cupboard and brought out the German's bottle of port, still wrapped in the original soft brown tissue paper. We drank to De Gaulle and Churchill, Roosevelt and Stalin!

On the Trail of the Opium-Runners

Under the Japanese regime thousands of pounds' worth of opium reached Malaya by the sea route from the Netherlands Indies or along remote land trails from Siam. How this drug traffic was cleaned up by the British is told by Bernard T. Ridgway, then an Army Observer (Public Relations).

FOR months following the liberation of Malaya in September 1945 patrol craft and launches, manned by men of the Royal Army Service Corps, or scratch British crews, patrolled the lonely creeks and island-studded coastal waters by night and day, maintaining ceaseless watch for opium-runners. I went out on one of these anti-opium smuggling patrols in the Straits of Malacca with a British Customs officer and his three Malay assistants. We slipped our moorings at Port Swettenham and in the R.A.S.C. motor launch Peggy headed out into the Klang Straits.

Slowly the string of merchantmen fell away behind us, and we had the waters to ourselves but for a few odd junks and sampans. A shout from the bows directed our gaze to an idling sampan a short distance to starboard. The Customs officer pointed towards it, and the craft's nose was swung round in the required direction. An age-old sampan man and a youth shook their hands in the typical "I'm doing no wrong" manner of the East. But we decided to have a look, all the same.

Out went the boathook from the bows, and the two craft bumped gently and remained locked. Over into the sampan went one of our Malay investigators—and up came the floorboards and hands groped in the darkness for the sack or container that might contain a thousand pounds' worth of drugs. A quick look over the bows,

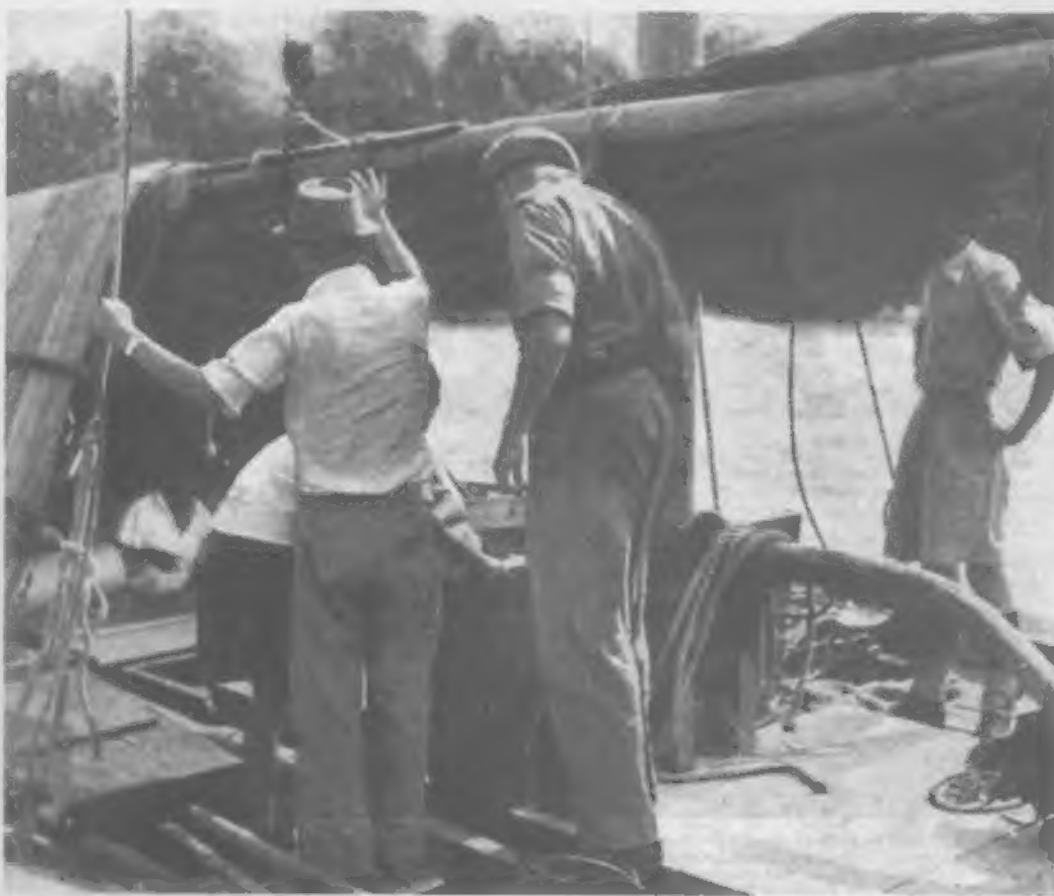
stern and sides, and he returned to our vessel. "They often trail the stuff over the sides at the end of a piece of string," observed the Customs officer.

Our next intercept was a small junk lying at anchor. The crew were there to greet us as we came alongside, and the master waved his port clearance papers in our faces as we went aboard. Documents showed that he was bound for Penang with a mixed cargo. Living quarters and holds were minutely scanned by the search party. Nothing! Grinning faces and obsequious bows greeted us as the papers were handed back and the master was told to proceed on his way.

A Catch off the Mangrove Swamps

We doubled on our tracks to catch up with our next customer. A hawk-eyed Malay on our launch had seen a fishing junk moored close in to the mangrove swamps. Three Chinese of varying ages stared vacantly down at us, and their inactivity drew forth muttered protests from one of our deckhands whose mooring rope lay dangling across the bows. Two of the men eventually stirred themselves and made fast our ropes, and we clambered aboard over a pile of stinking fishing nets.

A shout from one of the Malays down in the living quarters took us all off. From a wicker basket containing a weird and wonderful collection of junk he had extracted a largish pot. Unscrewing the top he sniffed



SEARCHING A JUNK in the Port Swettenham area, where men of R.A.S.C. Water Transport companies co-operate with Customs officers. Photo, British Official

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the contents. "Chandu!" (opium) was his comment. Then began an all-out search for further stocks and opium pipes. That boat was turned inside out but we found nothing more. We even searched through those odorous nets and the furled sail, but still without result. We took the pot of opium along with us, cast off and moved into the open sea. The first large trading junk we accosted was flapping along at a snail's pace. Handwaves and shouts greeted us. "We examined them the other day," said the Customs officer. "They are bound for Penang." He shouted to know why they had not yet set out on their journey. Pointing hands stretched to the sky and back to the tattered sails. When we caught up with a powered junk that at one time had been a mere speck on the skyline we were running in quite a swell, and it needed a sure foot and steady eye to jump from one see-sawing boat to the other. She was bound for the small port of Telok Anson with a mixed cargo of kerosene, tires and spices. We searched her from stern to stern, but found nothing.



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We had one more call to make—a check-up for opium dens in a small fishing village on one of the islands. We cleared the choppy seas and ran into the comparative calm of backwaters. The outline of many masts drew my attention first, and gradually the outlines of the village came into focus. The coxswain shouted for half-speed, and we glided in towards a rickety-looking jetty.

Carved out of the mud swamps, the whole village was raised upon trestles above the level of the lapping waters.

Children paused in their play and men and women came hurrying to their water-front doorways as we scrambled on to the landing stage. The search party set off up the jetty at a spanking pace, speed being essential if we were to catch-up on the opium den operators before they had time to hide their stocks. News travels fast in these parts, and already some man or child might be speeding ahead of us bearing tidings of our presence. The wooden "pavement" groaned and bent under our feet; through the joints I could see the oozing mud beneath.

From one small alley into another we chased, at times having to make a jump for it where broken timbers left gaping holes. The leading Malay shot into one shop, and the rest of us continued on and raced into an eating-house reeking of wood-smoke and cooking fats. In a small cubicle a recumbent Chinaman tossed and turned on his straw

palliasse. Crouching near him was a wizened old man, who commenced protesting directly we appeared. One of the investigators combed baskets and containers under a table, a second made the old man open up a number of locked boxes.

The befuddled addict gave a groan and rolled over. We searched all around him, but drew a blank. Baffled, the Malay got to work on the floorboards. Shifting a board near a joist he thrust his hand into the cavity and drew out two tins. Both contained opium. But the old man was too cunning for us this time, for although a fine comb was drawn through that building not an opium pipe came to light. The man who had been checking up lower down the street strolled up swinging a long pipe in one hand and holding a small tin in the other. He had found his men before they had had time to take evasive action. As we headed back across the Straits the sun was setting and by the lights of blinking buoys we edged into the busy river traffic off Swettenham.

Battle of Britain From Underground

From the subterranean Operations Room at Headquarters, R.A.F. Fighter Command, from July to September 1940, A. J. Wilson watched the Battle of Britain being fought out "like a giant game of chess with coloured counters" and here describes his experiences. See also page 403.

WHEN in 1939 I first walked down the tree-flanked drive which leads to Bentley Priory, at Stanmore, Middlesex—Headquarters of R.A.F. Fighter Command and the control centre of Britain's air defence—I knew little about the strategy of air fighting. A few months later, however, I was able to follow, move by move, the great air battle which turned the course of the war and was a main factor in saving Britain from invasion by the Nazis. I saw the Battle of Britain not as most people in Southern England saw it—as the endless procession of

German raiders against a shell-torn sky, the twisting and turning Spitfires and the horror of the bombing. I saw it as a giant game of chess played with coloured counters on the board of the Operations Room deep down beneath the gardens of the Priory.

Work on this subterranean headquarters had begun before the war and was hurriedly completed only a few weeks before Goering launched his first big air attacks. It was here that airmen and W.A.A.F. plotted the track and strength of every enemy raid



BENTLEY PRIORY, at Stanmore, Middlesex, as R.A.F. Fighter Command H.Q. was the control centre of Britain's air defence during the Second Great War. The "brain" of the Command worked in chambers beneath the gardens of the Priory. In the Operations Room information concerning hostile and friendly aircraft was plotted, presenting a picture of the air battle-front. This headquarters was completed only a few weeks before the commencement of the Battle of Britain, though work on it was started before the outbreak of the war. PAGE 310 Photo, Aerofilm

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from reports coming in from radiolocation stations and Observer Corps centres. It was here that Air Staff officers and representatives of all the other Services co-ordinated every method of defence against the raiders: fighter squadrons, anti-aircraft guns, Balloon Barrage and Civil Defence.

From the balcony of this Operations Room Air Chief Marshal Lord (then Sir Hugh) Dowding, Commander-in-Chief of Fighter Command, the genius behind this great organization, watched the progress of the battle for which he had planned so thoroughly, but with such slender resources.

For twelve weeks we who worked down "the Hole" rarely saw an aircraft—British or German—but we saw the pattern of the battle even more clearly than those who fought it in their Spitfires and Hurricanes.

In July and early August 1940 I watched the plotters round their table-map juggle with the counters over the English Channel. The convoys of ships baulking their way through the Straits were having a grim time, but our fighters were there and shortly after each attack intelligence reports showed how badly the enemy had been mauled. I remember the thrill of learning one day that a single squadron—No. 145, under Squadron Leader "Johnny" Peel—had put 21 shipping raiders into the sea.

Vapour Trails of Sky Battles

By mid-August the counters had multiplied and were thrusting in over the coastline to our airfields at Manston, Hawkinge, Tangmere, then to Biggin Hill, Kenley and Croydon. This was to be the knock-out blow to Fighter Command, but the tactics which destroyed air resistance in France and other conquered countries failed. Reports poured in to us of cratered landing grounds and flaming hangars but the Spitfires still rose from their damaged aerodromes to give battle with the invader.

Then, throwing caution to the winds, the Luftwaffe struck at London. I was on duty in the Operations Room shortly after 4 o'clock on Saturday afternoon, September 7, when our radiolocation stations flashed the first warning of the approach of 150 German aircraft off Dungeness. A little later their plots were joined on the "ops" table by more counters, denoting a second raid of 250. In they came, heading straight for the capital. For an hour and a half London was

ringed with air battles and though a number of the enemy broke through and dropped their bombs on the banks of the Thames, they paid with the loss of 100 of their aircraft in their first big attack on the capital.

Like most other members of Fighter Command, the day I remember most vividly is Sunday, September 15, the anniversary of which is now celebrated all over the world as Battle of Britain Day. As I made my way to the Headquarters just before mid-day the sirens were waiting and later, from the garden terraces of the Priory, I could see the scribble of vapour trails in the sky over London and heard the noise of the battle as the immortal "Few" fought the enemy in their greatest clash.

Down the "Hole" there was no noise, no excitement, but the expressions on the faces of high-ranking operations officers and airmen alike were tense. Everyone felt that this was the big show. Only the soft buzz of muffled telephone bells and the clink of the metal counters as the plotters released them on to the table from their magnetic "wands" broke the silence. Air Chief Marshal Dowding himself was on the balcony, tall, stiff and unsmiling.

Since first light there had been "plots" over the Channel and coastal districts, but most of these were either reconnaissance or feint attacks. The first main thrust came when 200 raiders zig-zagged over the coast at 11.30 and then spread out for London. Scarcely had their tracks been removed from the operations table as our fighters chased the survivors back across the Channel, when a second wave of 300 arrived.

Again Fighter Command controllers worked to a smooth pre-arranged plan, its

execution a triumph of organization. As the enemy came in our fighters were ordered up to meet them over the coast, then more challenged them over Kent and Sussex, and others tackled them over London itself.

Teleprinters Kept the Scores

In a room along the corridor from the Operations Room I watched the teleprinters of the Intelligence branch tick out their messages like scores in a cricket match—50 German aircraft destroyed for five of ours; 100 for 8; 130 for 12; 160 for 22. Then came the individual squadron reports, often with the names of the men who had scored the victories. To me the names meant little then, but today they are very honoured names in Fighter Command and throughout the civilized world.

I remember reading in those signals that Stanford Tuck had shot down an Me.110 over Barking and was nearly killed a moment later when a bullet from another raider crashed through his windscreen a few inches from his head. The teleprinters stuttered out the news that Douglas Bader's wing were claiming 52, including a Dornier which the legless pilot had fired at, which went down with the rear gunner swinging from the tail by his parachute (see page 153). R. W. Oxspring had forced a Heinkel to land at a Kent airfield and then shot down a Dornier over Chatham. These were some of the "Few" who won the day.

Intelligence officers worked all night on these reports, checking and double-checking the pilots' claims. It was not until next morning that we heard the final figures—185 German aircraft destroyed for 25 of ours, with 12 of our pilots safe. The climax was passed, and although the battle continued for another month victory was assured.

NEW FACTS AND FIGURES

POST OFFICE men and women gained over £70 military and civil awards during the war, for gallantry with the Forces or as civilians at home. These include 125 Distinguished Flying Cross; 50 Distinguished Flying Medal; 20 Military Cross; 93 Military Medal; nine D.S.C.; 14 D.C.M.; and 64 D.S.M. The British Empire Medal was awarded to 216, and the George Medal to 12. One member of the G.P.O. gained the George Cross. Among other decorations were seven American Bronze Star; nine Croix de Guerre; a Czechoslovak and a Norwegian Gallantry Medal; and a Bronze Medal of Honour of the Royal Netherlands Navy. Over 74,000 Post Office men and women joined the Services, and the dead, missing, and prisoners of war still not accounted for exceed 4,000.

At Rosyth on September 5, 1946, three British submarines—Votary, Viking and Venturer, of the U-class—were handed over to the Royal Norwegian Navy, by Admiral Mansfield, Flag Officer, Submarines, on behalf of the Royal Navy; Commodore Jacobsen, Norwegian Naval Attaché in London, accepted them on behalf of the Norwegian Navy. This was under an agreement reached in London in June, and further warships, including destroyers, have been transferred to Norway (see illus. page 453). An agreement has also been signed for the purchase of British aircraft and equipment for the Royal Norwegian Air Force, to the value of about £700,000.

OWING to lack of coal, reductions in the iron and steel production in the British Zone of Germany were to be made from September 30, 1946. Five steel works were closing entirely, and in eight others production was considerably reduced. The steel production programme for September was for a total of 272,000 tons of ingots and castings; for each of the last months of the year production of 224,000 tons was planned.

IN September 1946 it was announced that German P.O.W. in Britain, in addition to sending a maximum of 5s. a week home

to their families, would be allowed to save money in a credit fund for conversion into Reichsmarks on their return home. Additional to their normal earnings, bonuses would be granted in certain circumstances which would bring total weekly earnings to about 15s. a week. Money which a prisoner did not wish to spend himself after sending 5s. home could be placed in the credit fund.

POLISH Displaced Persons to the number of about 335,000 were still in U.N.R.R.A. camps in the western zones of Germany in September 1946. To induce them to return home, the British, American and French Military Governments agreed to supply each returning Pole with 60 days' rations when he arrived in Poland, in addition to the ordinary Polish ration. Since May 1946, over 65,000 left Austria for their own country, but in September there were still 31,000 Poles.

A BRITISH military mission, consisting of representatives of the R.A.F. and the Army, has lately been making a thorough search of North Norway to find the remains of British aircraft and the graves of British Servicemen. The R.A.F. mission found the remains of 50 aircraft shot down by the Germans and 100 war graves, mostly in the area round Harstad. It was possible to identify the bodies, which were reburied in Norwegian soil with full military honours.

IN the British Zone of Germany by the end of August 1946 there were open 11,541 elementary and intermediate schools with 2,838,651 pupils; 619 secondary schools with 261,468 pupils; and 1,737 vocation schools and courses with 456,853 pupils. There were 296 approved schools and orphanages. Total number of teachers available was 59,023. Six universities and eight colleges were open in the Zone, with a prospective student membership for the winter term of 28,457. Adult educational facilities were being utilized by 79,218 students, while there were 10,546 youth groups with a total membership of 559,797.



A. J. WILSON, formerly of the R.A.F., contributes this story of the Battle of Britain as he saw it from a most unusual angle.

R.M. College Colours are Laid Up for Ever



THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE, SANDHURST, CEASED TO EXIST on Oct. 17, 1946, its buildings to reopen on Jan. 3, 1947, for the first term of the new R.M. Academy—combining the pre-war functions of the R.M. Academy, Woolwich, and the R.M. College, Sandhurst. Following the Trooping of the college Colours, these were laid up for ever in the Memorial Chapel. The Colour party is seen halted at the chancel steps, where the Commandant has taken the King's Colour in his right hand; the Regimental Colour will next be handed over. Photo, G.P.U.

Printed in England and published every alternate Friday by the Proprietors, THE AMALGAMATED PRESS, LTD., The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.
 Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon & Gotch, Ltd.; and for South Africa,
 Central News Agency, Ltd.—November 22, 1946. S.S. Editorial Address: JOHN CARPENTER HOUSE, WHITEFRIARS, LONDON, E.C.4.